

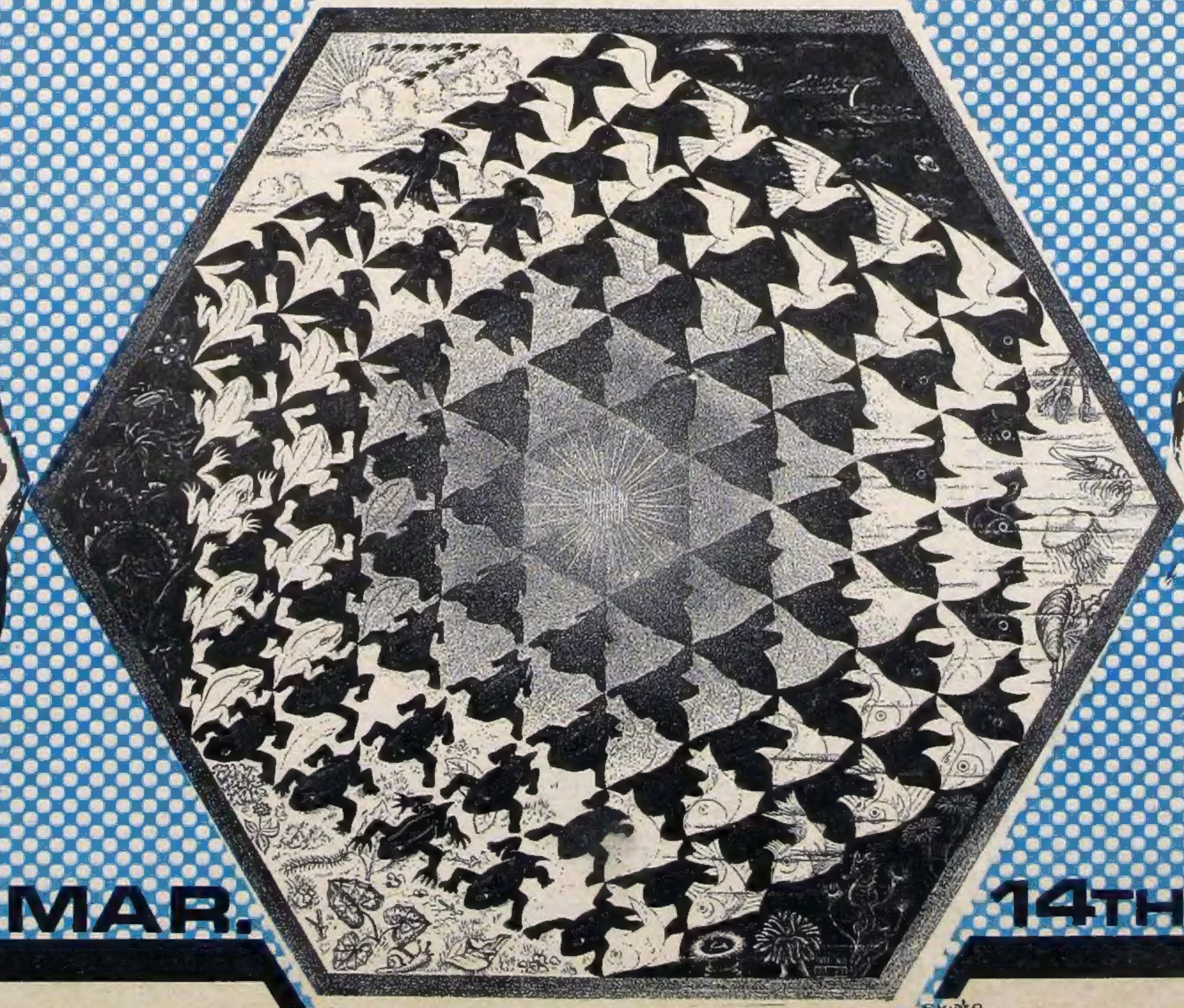
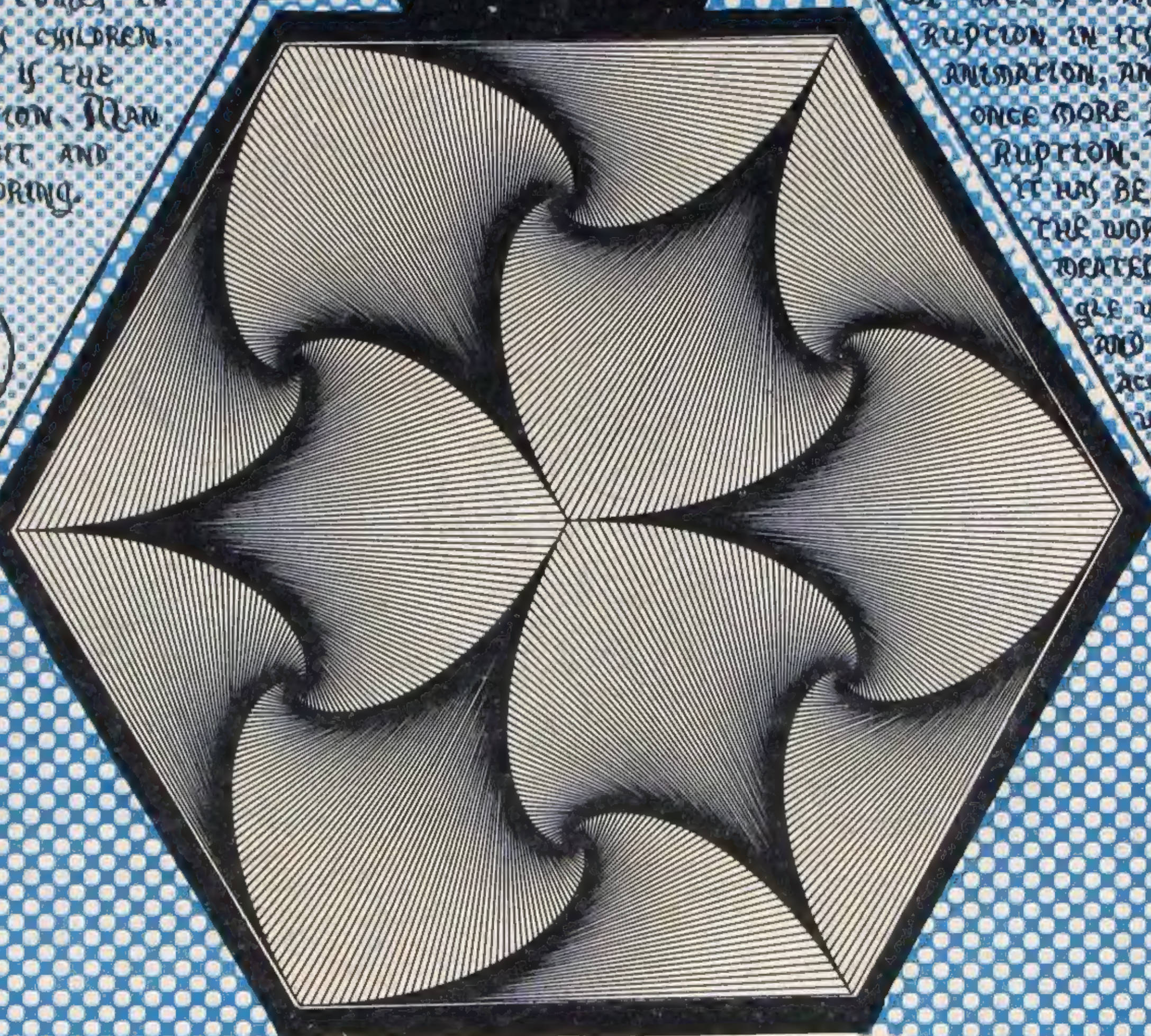


HELIX



ONE YIN AND ONE YANG, THAT IS THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPAL. THE PASSIONATE UNION OF YIN AND YANG AND THE COPULATION OF HUSBAND AND WIFE IS THE ETERNAL RULE OF THE UNIVERSE. IF HEAVEN AND EARTH DID NOT MINGLE, WHENCE WOULD ALL THE THINGS RECEIVE LIFE? WHEN THE WIFE COMES TO THE MAN, SHE BEARS CHILDREN. BEARING CHILDREN IS THE WAY OF PROPAGATION. MAN AND WIFE COHABIT AND PRODUCE OFFSPRING.

LIFE FOLLOWS UPON DEATH. DEATH IS THE BEGINNING OF LIFE. WHO KNOWS WHEN THE END IS REACHED? ... IF THEN LIFE AND DEATH ARE BUT CONSECUTIVE STATES, WHAT NEED HAVE I TO COMPLAIN? THEREFORE ALL THINGS ARE ONE. WHAT WE LOSE IS ANIMATION. WHAT WE HAVE IS CORRUPTION. BUT CORRUPTION IN ITS TURN BECOMES ANIMATION, AND ANIMATION ONCE MORE BECOMES CORRUPTION. THEREFORE IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT THE WORLD IS PERMEATED BY A SINGLE VITAL FLUID, AND THE SAGES ACCORDINGLY VALUE ITS VIRTUE.



MAR.

14TH

2 THE COVER

A The lithograph held in the lower hexagon on the cover is by MAURITS ESCHER. ESCHER is a Dutchman, a mathematician, an artist and so a visionary. The hexagon in the center of the page is by a Boeing computer testing its own accuracy. The top of the cover contains a scattering of YIN-YANGS and 2 passages from the CHUANG-TZU. These passages are our verbal lever for entrance into the designs. Also, Escher's work is titled "VERBUM". THE ENTIRE SEQUENCE OF DESIGNS, THEN, IS A WORDY AFFAIR.

B The "VERBUM" in the center of the lower hexagon is the conscious source of all its organic transformations. There is nothing accidental about the artist's technique. It is a disciplined verbosity whose conscious amusement is from the repeating metaphor created out of the interaction of LIGHT AND DARK.

C METAPHOR: It does not say one thing except as it says two things — at least. The meaning of this VERBUM is a "continuous creation: out of nothing and into nothing." If we attend to something we at the same time attend to nothing which, yet is not empty but which is something. This, then, is NONSENSE as no SINGLE sense, but two or more things attended to at once: METAPHOR, OR THE MEANING INBETWEEN.

D The FAMILY RESEMBLANCES between all things in which degree of sameness or unsameness is of no importance, for there is only one family. Nothing to compare it to. One family in interaction: The infinite incestuous screw or the design of the DOUBLE HELIX. A family with no head and no authority.

4 The relation is not tautological and so not logical. The mathematician is an artist. The interaction is poetic or aesthetic. The artist is a visionary. The poetry is reductive and the vision infinite. The metamorphosis in the ego of the artist. From the mathematician to the visionary, or from the closure of this or that game to the infinite DISCLOSURE of THE game.

3 Escher, then, is an ICONOCLAST. an image breaker. So his VERBUM is without definition. You cannot be certain of the boundaries, and there are no foundations on which to erect even an organic image. "EVERYTHING IS SYMBOLIC, INCLUDING THE BODY."

2 So the visionary is in love with everything. It spends and repends its dance in a pantheon in which no god is allowed to roost. The HEXAGON. Its power is godlike. Consciousness as pansymbolic is of necessity in love with everything-inbetween. And it is in love with its own necessity: AMOR FATI.

1 Sharing power with the gods is the NEW POLITICAL ACT. It is the power to bring people together. The great iconoclast: the great ego-breaker. The destruction of all consciousness which is not pansymbolic. Not power over things: the power to destroy the stone temples of HUE. Not power over people: the power to napalm people. But METAPHORIC POWER over the ICON-EGO. Viewing Escher's Hexagon is a political act. So everything is SYMBOLIC, everything is POLITIC.

MORAL: We need more politicians who are artists or visa-versa.

INSTRUCTION: Vote for Banana Ed Denison, who isn't running.



ACLU POT TEST

On Sunday afternoon, MARCH 24, the AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION will stage a 12 hour SUPERROCK Festival at the Eagle's Auditorium. The ACLU finds itself playing in the game of Rock and Light because of their recent decision to take a Test Case on the MARIJUANA LAWS of the State of Washington. The ACLU reached this decision after lengthystudy and discussion of the current medical and psychological research on the effects of marijuana, mary jane, weed, Big Red, pot, or dope, as it is sometimes called.

The relative harmlessness of this plant coupled with the absurdly stiff sentences which are exacted for possession or sale in most parts of this country points to the necessity of testing the constitutionality of such laws. The cruel and unusual punishment aspect of these laws is blatantly evident in the cases of Kerrigan Gray now serving TWO 20-year sentences for the sale of marijuana to a narc, and the case of Samuel Williams, who is serving a forty year sentence for the sale of one joint to a minor.

The constitutional case which the ACLU is planning to undertake will be long, involved and costly. At the Lower Court Level the case may last as long as six weeks and, although the laws may not be changed at this level, the educational function of the case will be invaluable.

The case will not be brought to trial until next fall, but research has already begun. One thing is obvious: to do what you want to do you need money. The ACLU has always been the enemy of creeping fascism and the champion of individual freedoms. It now turns to the Community of Free Heads for support in its battle to free them from restrictive, unfair legislation and all the paranoia that has followed. And so, the idea of an EVENT — a Celebration before the Battle — A JOINING, A FESTIVAL of the SIMPLE FOLK to anoint and bless their WARRIORS with JEWELS and GASH.

All money (minus some for the hall and for the printers) will go to the ACLU to support its Marijuana Test Case. No promoters are involved. All workers have donated their time and energy. The Local Musicians Union # 76, however, has reacted to this collective act of generosity and honest co-operation with petty narrowness and surprisizing ingratitude. In its Tuesday meeting the Union voted 10-2 against allowing its captive musicians to freely donate their talent. Marijuana has done much for music. Yet, with typical institutional coldness, THE UNION has refused to feel beyond its paper "skin" to a higher sense of interrelation and oneness. The bands will file contracts and will be paid the Union minimum which will somehow prevent the FESTIVAL from "unfair competition" with the Arthur Murray Open Session and the Red Wagon GoGo girlies To Live music. Most and perhaps allof the bands will donate their "earnings" to the ACLU. And so another hassle will be circumvented by unneeded, but nonetheless necessary, circuitry...

The bands playing are listed on the back cover of this issue. Though not indicated in the posters Lux Sit and Dance will take turns with the Retina Circus in flashing the lights.

We are asking everyone who is aware of the need to change the present marijuana laws, everyone who is tired of watching the narcs and the Seattle Police taking their friends away, everyone who like to sit on their front porch and turn on without crawling out of their skin at the sound of a siren, and everyone who recognizes the intrinsic danger of unjustified and arbitrary laws to the individual and the society...ALL COME TO THE FESTIVAL AT EAGLE'S...REGARDLESS OF AGE OR CONDITION...FROM NOON TO MIDNIGHT...SUNDAY MARCH 24.....COST: (scrape it up) \$3 a person or \$5 for any two who come together.

DEALERS HAWK HELIX

YOU
GET

.10 a copy



Associated Press, September 29, "According to a reliable military source, there are reported to be at least fifteen hundred men on the trail of Guevara."

It was reported on October 9th that Che had been killed in action by Bolivian Rangers near the village of La Higuera. Since that date the village has been made off limits to outsiders in an attempt to keep the facts from being made public. Michele Ray of the French weekly magazine PARIS-MATCH, however, spent six weeks in La Paz and the zone where the guerrillas were active and helped reveal the truth.

Guevara and two comrades were captured on Oct. 8th after a battle with Bolivian troops. He was wounded in the leg, but it was not a fatal wound. He was taken to La Higuera where high ranking officials soon began to arrive to view their enemy. Among these was at least one CIA agent. He talked to them and to the schoolteacher of the village about revolution, but they got no information about the movement from him. At 1:00 in the afternoon on the 9th, Mario Teran, a noncommissioned officer came in and told him to sit down. Che asked if he was going to be shot. The answer was no, but then there was a burst from the M2. Then the officials who had previously fought over his possessions came in and each took one shot. His body had nine wounds. His body was reportedly burned. To keep this man from being made a martyr, a roll of film made during those last hours was burned and word of his death hushed.

CLINIC NEEDS YOU! 3

THE OPEN DOOR CLINIC IS WITHOUT DOUBT AN ESSENTIAL SERVICE. WITH THE COMING OF SUMMER IT WILL BE EVEN MORE NEEDED, AND NOW IT WILL FOLD BY THE END OF THIS MONTH IF THE WHERE--WITH--ALL TO KEEP IT GOING DOESN'T COME SOON. SO IT'S PLEA FOR FUNDS..RIGHT NOW...IS NO LITTLE MATTER.

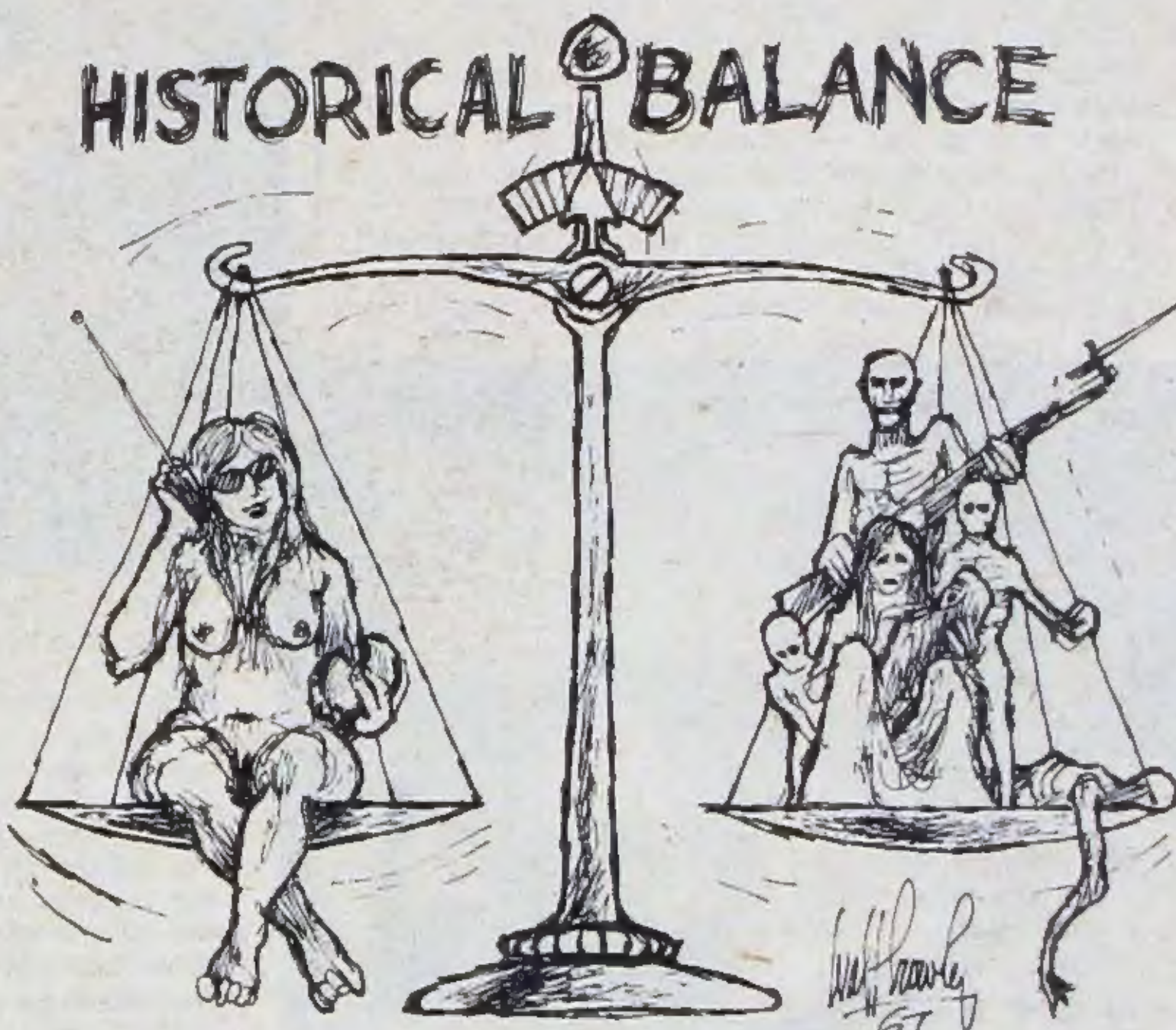
WHAT THIS MEANS IS THAT BOTH THE LITTLE DONATIONS OF A FEW DOLLARS OR MORE AND THE BIG DONATIONS WILL HAVE TO COME IN SOON. SO THIS IS A FRANK CALL TO BOTH THE LITTLE BROTHERS AND THE BIG DADDY'S TO LAY IT OUT.....NOW.....PLEASE. THE OPEN DOOR CLINIC HAS NO HOT MEDIA OF ITS OWN TO PETITION FOR HELP. SO THE READER MUST TREAT THIS NOTICE AS SUFFICIENT CAUSE TO REACT AND TO HELP. YOU MAY BE SICK AND TIRED OF HEARING PLEAS AND PETITIONS, BUT WE GENTLY PROD YOU AGAIN TO LAY-IT-OUT.

WHAT IT DOES. FROM NOV. 6th TO FEB. 27th THEY COUNSELED IN PERSON A TOTAL OF 602 PERSONS. OF THE 163 RUN AWAYS OVER 90% WERE SUCESSFULLY REUNITED WITH THEIR PARENTS. EVERY TUES. AND WED. NIGHT THEY OFFER A FREE MEDICAL CLINIC. ON THESE NIGHTS THEY TREAT AN AVERAGE OF 10 PERSONS WHO MIGHT OTHERWISE JUST LET A CASE OF HEPATITIS PROGRESS. IN ALL THE CLINIC SERVICES BETWEEN 125 AND 150 PEOPLE A WEEK. THE CLINIC'S CRISIS TELEPHONE HANDLES ABOUT 60 CALLS PER WEEK. ITS ALWAYS OPEN. IT HAS SET THE WHEELS IN MOTION TO DEVELOP A PILOT PROGRAM FOR DRUG ABUSE INVOLVING SPEED AND/OR HEROIN IN A COMMUNITY TH AT HAS NO SUCH PROGRAM AVAILABLE FOR THE YOUNG ADDICT.

THE CLINIC'S MONTHLY BUDGET RUNS CLOSE TO A 1000 DOLLARS. THIS AVERAGES TO LESS THAN \$2.00 PER PERSON SERVED. VOLUNTEER HELP INCLUDES A TOTAL OF 20 LICENSED AND PRACTICING PHYSICIANS AND R.N.S NEARLY 30 COUNSELLING PYSCHIATRISTS, PSYCHOLOGISTS AND OTHER SOCIAL WORKERS ARE INVOLVED. LAY-HELP INCLUDES OVER 40 VOLUNTEERS.

THE CLINIC WILL HAVE TO HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR A YEAR BEFORE IT IS ELLIGABLE FOR PUBLIC MONIES. IT'S BEEN OPERATING NOW FOR NEARLY 1/2 YEAR. THAT MEANS THAT OUR DONATIONS ARE NEEDED NOW TO KEEP IT GOING NOW.

HISTORICAL BALANCE



TALES FROM THE AVENUE



Warm weather and boredom combined to attract the largest crowd of people to the corner of NE 42nd and University Way since the previous summer.

Officer Al Wilding of the Seattle Police Dept. Public Relations squad gave a special tour of the District to Renton Police Force bigwigs.

The Biggest and apparently the least endowed mentally of the new beat cops assigned to this area kicked off this season's legal fun and games by ordering the ID Bookstore to remove its sandwich board sign from the sidewalk. He was quite proud of his one man assault against Un-Americanism, saying, "I read up on the law last night and I know I'm right!" Perhaps he thought a citation for bravery would be forthcoming.

Unfortunately he was not aware of "The Great Sandwich Board Confrontation" of last summer when the ID charged the Police with arbitrary enforcement and which ended in publicly embarrassing not only the Police Force but also the City Engineers and the entire municipal administration. As before, complaints were made to the Police Force but unlike last year's incident, police officials apologized profusely, promising that it wouldn't happen again. Saturday, March 2nd

The same Patrolman appeared on his beat, the heels of his flat feet thoroughly cooled. He merely mumbled as he passed the ID's freshly painted sandwich board sign.

He spoke to the pair of fellow fuzz, members of Seattle's Phallic Legions, who eagerly eyed the growing crowd in front of the Coffee Corral. Suddenly, their machines bellowed and these two Motormen of the Apocalypse tore across 42nd, onto the sidewalk and into the densely clustered mass of people. Fast reflexes saved people in the path of the Harleys moving at 25 M.P.H.

The crowd reformed briefly but its members didn't recover their composure. Dealers hastily closed shop and everyone dispersed. The motorcycle officers, men who, by the way, volunteer for this variety of fascist fetishism, stole off into the night, astride their rusty steeds wiping saliva from their twisted lips.

This weekend augurs ill for the summer to come

W.C.

SON HOUSE

8:00 PM
MARCH 19

AT
THE
FRIENDS'
CENTER
4001 9TH NE
ADVANCE
TICKETS
AT
DISCOUNT
RECORDS



OPEN LETTER DEAR MIDDLE CLASS NEGROES

First of all I want to thank you for having done your part in perpetuating white capitalism in Seattle. I'm sure all the white people want to thank you also. It seems that you and your moderate Negro leaders will get along just fine in Whitey's America. If your NAACP gets Garfield, Washington, and Horace Mann closed, I hope your kids and, excuse me, poor, lazy, low-class, black people's children kids can relate to Negro and Black identity at all-white schools outside the Central District. That's nice that you want your kids to grow up and be middle-class Negroes too. Maybe sitting next to blue-eyed, blond-haired Whitey's six hours a day will help your children relate to the Black community.

It's good to see the Negroes represented in the City Council by such fine people as Sam Smith, who has dived into the "hippie" problem to help all Negroes. Such civic interest! Also, I'm glad that some of you could escape the shameful ghetto in the Central District and move to such receptive areas as Newport Hills, Bellevue, etc., congratulations on your rat-free home. Now you won't have to worry about the Black media influencing your kids to grow a disgraceful "nappy" natural hair style. Thank you for dispelling the fears of Whitey of possible riots in Seattle last summer. It's good to know that the middle-class Negro had the insight and intuition to decide the plight of 27,000 Black people in the Central District. Maybe you can help the City Fathers decide where the neighborhood parks should be so that all those young Black people won't be downtown pestering the White business community for jobs. Finally, you middle-class Negroes are the only ones not to believe that racism exists in Seattle, and you've got your color TV's, Cadillac's, and split-level homes to prove it. Thank you for being my connection with the white society that has so considerably given you a piece of its equality and freedom. (?) Sincerely, A Black Militant, who this summer will burn your house down "FIRST" Garry W. Owens

CLEANERS



UNION LIGHT

At last a recent word from the Union Light Company, primordial prismatic nucleus now wandering in the East. After brief association with the commercially-oriented Group Image, The Union has settled in Mt. Vernon, somewhat removed from the garbage-filled streets, but near The City. Lighting the World Ballroom with an apocalyptic visual unfolding tableaux of Man for groups like the Fish and the Fudge, the Company has been set up in a house with a darkroom for experimentation by the owner of the ballroom, Michael Marburg. The ballroom itself was completely redone for Lights under the direction of the Company; new screens, new projectors, new sound system. Of the original seven who left for the East last August, all are still together and hope to return to the clean air soon.

FOOL!
DO YOU NOT
REALIZE THE
CONSEQUENCES?



May I introduce myself? My name is Not So Straight John. This is my first article as foreign correspondent and it is originating from the Helix office, which is indeed pretty foreign.

On the morning of Saturday the ninth the roving photographer was preparing to take a picture of my bike, which I am trying to sell in order to finance my International tour. Just then dashing up moments before the picture was taken; the long arm of the law. Alas, I was arrested for long overdue traffic tickets and spent three days in the City's concentration camp for alienated youths. On March 12, 1968 my release was financed in the nick of time; for the fate of any long hair who spends more than three or four days in the care of the City is the shaving of the head ritual (Unlike Sampson it is a futile attempt to rob us of our strength).

The cycle is a 1965 Ducati, 250cc scrambler with a recently rebuilt engine. I am asking the paltry sum of \$450.00 in American currency. Rise from the masses, people, and ascend upon the Helix office with dollars for the purchase of my angelic screamin' machine.

Lovingly Yours,
N.S.S. John

HAWKINS

The ACLU petitioned Governor Dan Evans to commute the death sentence of John Hawkins, scheduled to be hanged April 3 for the murder of Fred Walch, 15, of Vancouver. There has not been an execution in this state in six years and since 1966, only 2 persons have been executed in the US. Hawkins was convicted of slaying the boy but was found innocent by reason of insanity of the simultaneous murder of Fred's sister, Bonnie.

TREASON

BLOWING IN THE WIND-BAD NEWS DIVISION: TWENTY SENATORS SPONSOR REPRESSION BILL. THIS IS NOT A PRACTICE ALERT. THIS IS REAL. IT WILL BE A FELONY TO THEORETICALLY ADVOCATE REVOLUTIONARY CHANGE, REGARDLESS OF IMMEDIATE PROVABLE EFFECT. (SEC. 104) OR GIVE AID OR COMFORT TO AN ADVERSARY OF THE USA WHENEVER ARMED FORCES OF USA ARE INVOLVED. sec. 105 Gifts to N. Vietnam. Actions and fines for other actions; refuse to surrender passport or correspond with foreign government with intent to evade passport laws (trip to hanoi) 5 yr/\$5k. work for the UN without obtaining usa security clearance 5/\$10k. Senate Bill 2988. more info. 747 21st e. ea4-9258



Jerry Rubin

"THE INTELLECTUALS would be better off if they wrote their programs on the tits of naked women...."



In the name of God
What can be done
To halt the senseless sacrifice
Of human lives in Vietnam?

Arthur C. DeWitt

Magic Fern



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HOW TO STAY OUT OF THE ARMY, by Conrad Lynn (Grove, \$1.25). Grove Press has just begun distributing a thin paperback volume that at first seems overpriced at \$1.25. It is not another long-lost erotic masterpiece, nor does it reveal any exotic new highs. It is only 126 pages and, worst of all, it is written by a lawyer.

Yet this new book, may be one of the more valuable Grove has distributed in recent years. Its subtitle is "A Guide to Your Rights Under the Draft Law." The author, Conrad Lynn, is a well-known civil liberties attorney who has specialized in draft cases since World War II.

Lynn's intentions are as clear as the title of his book. He regards the draft law and the draft machinery as unconstitutional, and is opposed to the war in Vietnam. He hopes his book will make it more difficult for the military to get the cannon fodder it needs to fight the war.

Needless to say, with the shit hitting the graduate fan this June, and draft boards tightening up on exemptions, a lot of people will find the \$1.25 well-invested.

From his wide experience with draft cases, Lynn knows where the draft law is vulnerable and where it is not. He knows how the draft machinery can be clogged up, and how and where it can be fought. The book in effect is a manual on how to fight the selective service system.

FINALLY

We are a group of computer programmers, mathematicians, and engineers opposed to the war in Vietnam & determined to seek active ways of expressing our opposition...

We deplore the destruction of the nation that we claim to be defending...

We decry the increasing suppression of civil liberties in the name of national solidarity...

We are now determined to evaluate any project we are asked to work on in terms of our individual principles & refuse to work on those projects which violate these principles...

We are united in our conviction that the line must be drawn and the war machine stopped. By each one of us as individuals...

The AntiComplicity Movement, recently formed in New York, now contains over a thousand members of the scientific community and is expanding throughout the country. Its newsletter encourages non-payment of war taxes and lists individual refusals to work on military projects. For further information write: The AntiComplicity Movement, Box 7, Fleetwood Station, Mount Vernon, New York 10552.

QRAZ Gallery

617 WESTERN AVE
&
610 ALASKAN WAY

also
FARMERS MARKET

THE PLACE TO VISIT downtown

Beads Incense
Posters
Handmade Jewelry



SANDERS and GINSBERG at Joe McCarthy's stone

After the Fuos and Allen Ginsberg finished doing their things before an audience of students at Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin, last Monday, someone mentioned that Appleton was the final resting place of the late Senator Joe McCarthy. The poets decided that they couldn't leave Appleton without paying their respects.

The purpose of the rite, Ed Sanders said, was to "consecrate a magical area around the grave, summon McCarthy's spirit to the magical arena, and offer it food, companionship, and the opportunity of carnal union with a willing young lady who was standing within the consecrated circle."

The ceremony began with Ginsberg standing in front of the grave to chant the Dharani spell to remove disasters. Then Ginsberg created the magic circle by walking around the grave chanting the Tibetan spell to banish evil spirits. Next the 100 participants recited a mantra and offered food, flowers, candy bars, and artifacts to the spirit of McCarthy. And then they recited the mantra which praises marijuana (BOM! BOM! MAHADEV!) and someone planted actual marijuana seeds in the sod. After attempting a conjuration of McCarthy's spirit, they offered an invocation to Greek and Indian bisexual deities, recalling McCarthy's antagonism to homosexuals, and Ginsberg chanted the Prajnaparamita Sutra, followed by a round of "My County 'Tis of Thee." Finally, Sanders reports, "the purified and exorcised spirit was sent back to heaven or to the appointed Karma realm by the ceremony of the Greater Hexagram."



The Law Of Love

is that Law which places the welfare and the concern and the feelings for others above self.

The Law of Love is that close affinity with all forces that you associate with as good.

The Law of Love is that force which denies the existence of evil in the world, that resists not evil.

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DRAFT COPS

BOSTON,

Police Commissioner Edmund L. McNamara has proposed in an academic paper the "necessity" of inducting young men into police forces in the near future.

The police draft will be necessary, McNamara wrote, "due to the persistent disinterest of young men in law enforcement careers."

McNamara raised the proposal in a thesis for the Tufts (Univ.) Assembly on Government, scheduled to meet in Medford, Mass. next month. He said the inductees would be used as "civil defense" agents to curb inner-city insurrections.

POOL

TOLEDO, Ohio,

Rep. Joe Pool, D-Texas third district charged here Friday, Feb. 23, that draft resistance, city rioting, and the 'hippies' are Communist-inspired.

Addressing a luncheon meeting of Toledo's largest American Legion post, Pool assailed what he termed an "underground press syndicate" on college campuses, which he said is taking advantage of freedom of the press.

Pool, a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, said forceful, patriotic speakers are needed to combat what he called the one-sided picture college students are allegedly getting from this press and from the small number of demonstrators against the war in Vietnam.

PEACE

NEW YORK, N.Y.

Two efforts are under way to launch some kind of New York state electoral ticket against the war. Either or both would be competing with the Eugene McCarthy effort as well as with the Socialist Workers Party campaign (Halt-Stead-Boutelle). Both new groups foresee a Peace and Freedom ticket in the fall.

One attempt grows out of the Chicago Conference for a New Politics. The other is in direct response to California's Peace and Freedom Party, which secured 105,000 signatures and got on the state ballot. The California influenced group surfaced first, with a February 1 press conference including Paul Goodman and Michael Macdonald. This effort claims support from elements in SDS, the Social Service Employees Union, and the United Federation of Teachers.

INDICTMENT

SAN FRANCISCO,

A San Francisco grand jury handed down felony indictments against nine anti-war demonstrators Feb. 15 for alleged violence against police during a Jan. 11 demonstration at the Fairmont Hotel.

The nine were among 52 arrested in a protest outside the fashionable Knob Hill Hotel where Secretary of State Dean Rusk was speaking at a fund raising dinner.

The accused, all Bay Area students, are charged with assault and/or battery against a police officer. If convicted, they could be sentenced to 1 to 5 years in prison. All but 2 are presently free on their own recognizance after paying \$1250 in bail.

The accused students charge that their indictments are a cover-up for police violence against anti-war demonstrators during the January 11 protest. Several demonstrators and at least one bystander were brought into jail bleeding from head wounds inflicted by billy clubs.

BARRACK BJ??

Practicing homosexuals have been classified 1-A and admitted into the Armed Forces to fill the growing manpower needs of the Defense Department.

According to the L.A.-based committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces, the Pentagon pays linservice to exclusion, saving homosexual persons are unfit for military service, but "secretly" drafts them anyway.

The Committee claims it has evidence that more than a dozen practicing homosexuals have been re-classified since the first of the year.

They claim that induction centers have been authorized to make "discreet exceptions" to the rule, in the cases of those who are not "obvious."

The Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces claims that the new system "cannot help but distort the military careers of young homosexual men and damage their personal reputations."

They insist on a publicly-acknowledged national policy statement regarding the fitness of homosexuals.

Current Pentagon policy disqualifies any person who claims to have ever had or currently have homosexual tendencies.

But Uncle Sam has got to fill his growing manpower need.

BURN BUDDHA

WASHINGTON, D.C.,

(LNS)--Venerable Thich Nhat Hanh, Vietnamese poet and monk, surfaced three blocks from the White House this morning to add his voice to a protest of recent arrests in Saigon. His protest, he said, is aimed directly at the State Department, which in the past has influenced the Thieu-Ky government to release certain political prisoners in South Vietnam.

Nhat Hanh, dressed in black robe and tan Hush-Puppies, joined Prof. Robert Browne of Fairleigh Dickinson University, David Wurfel, Sanford Gottlieb of SANE, and Alfred Hassler of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, in urging the release of Venerable Thich Tri Quang (leader of the Unified Buddhist Church), lawyer Truong Dinh Dzu (runner-up to Gen. Thieu in the 1967 "elections"), and Dr. Au Truong Thanh (former minister of economics in Ky's cabinet) plus many others--all arrested in the last three weeks.

Nhat Hanh supports a "third solution" in Vietnam which would "not require a military victory" and place the government under a "non-Communist coalition." "The increased polarization of forces can only force the war to go on," he said; "many people have defected to the NLF out of anger, frustration and despair."

The NLF, Nhat Hanh said, has been trying to establish a broad coalition much like the Buddhist "third solution" which still has a strongly pro-NLF position. But both Hanoi and the NLF are eager for peace and would accept a true coalition if Washington took honest steps to end its aggression, he added. "The peasants support the NLF because they desire national independence...If a new government could prove to be for peace and unaffiliated with Washington, the people would support it."



PROTEST
suspended
purple

Want To Get Away From It? ▶▶▶▶▶

A quiet knock on the door early in the morning. A trembling eighteen-year old boy enters sporting a wide brim felt hat and a two week moustache. The boy fidgets, eyes the room before beginning to speak. A landed immigrant in Canada evading the US draft tells him everything is cool. The boy explains his escape, the fence, the shots fired by the MPs, the near disaster at the border, and admits this is his first time on his own. X begins talking, firmly quickly, telling him that as a deserter from the US Army he is legally extraditable but unless he is arrested for some crime, he is, in fact, safe. The boy kneels on the floor in front of X who leans over from his chair to say "You should call yourself Timothy O'Leary." X gives him advice on securing false identity papers, and the addresses of sympathetic people in Montreal who will put him up and give him letters of reference from reputable Canadian companies. The boy rises, twisting the addresses in his hands, nods his head humbly and leaves. X stands, walks across the room to the window, saying "The Committee sends us cases they don't dare handle. I guess they know we've got nothing to lose. My wife and I can live anywhere. You know...that Texas asshole may push us right off this continent."

The American expatriates in Canada are living the Revolution: they are carrying on lives of individual human protest with the consciousness that nationality is a fiction perpetrated by governments, sanctified in paperwork, worshipped in symbol, and glorified by false emotion. They have rid themselves of this excess luggage and finding themselves freer in its loss. Although the day to day greyness of living absorbs the romantic impact of revolutionary myth, each Draft Dodger reaches the existential conclusion that it is no more difficult to make it in Vancouver than it is in Seattle or LA. That ultimately you are what you do, regardless of where you do it or for what motive. Even the specter of Bellevue womanhood (the wife of a "Dodge Boy" and, incidentally, the daughter of number three at Boeings) has realized she must go on as best she can--teaching spelling to the idiot son of the Prince George Mortician. One escapee said, "Yeah. I'll go back...when Canada attacks the US."

2500 ex-Americans are now living in Vancouver B.C. as Landed Immigrants. The Committee To Aid Objectors to the War in Vietnam in Vancouver sees fifteen new people each day and the number grows steadily. They expect a large increase when the graduate study exemptions expire. Any American may enter Canada as a tourist, find a job, report back to the border, and be given Landed Immigrant status. Unskilled laborers are plentiful in Vancouver and jobs are scarce. Unions are difficult to enter, but membership in an US labor union can be transferred to Canada and will almost guarantee a job. Professional occupations are in great demand. Most of the Immigrants are well-educated and have little difficulty getting jobs as teachers under various liberal Canadian programs. Ironical that those Americans with the ingenuity and foresight to forsake their country in defense of their own principles will educate generations of young Canadians.

Later in 1967 Canada signed the NORAD agreement with Denmark, Sweden, and Norway which prohibits any government from flying atomic weapons over their territories and denies extradition of any person holding Landed Immigrant Status for the violation of a military law of another country: i.e. refusing induction or being absent without leave. As it now stands members of the US Armed Forces must lie on their applications and deny any connection with the military; however, the only cooperation the Canadian government will make with the US is sending a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman to ask the Immigrant if he intends to continue residence in Canada. The Immigrant may be deported only if he is arrested for a crime in Canada, such as smoking dope. For this reason, most of the Immigrants are extremely cautious. The Vancouver Police are zealous provincial and efficient (they rounded up 55 heads in one weekend not long ago). With an almost certain five year prison term awaiting them upon deportation, meditation seems doubly beautiful to the expatriates.

The rents in Vancouver are outrageous even in comparison with the U district. \$130 for a four room bungalow behind a Yugoslav workers house. Landlords can afford to be selective and restrictive. A small sign in the window of a house reading ROOM FOR RENT produces a waiting list later the same afternoon. Most landlords and apartment managers enforce No Visitors after 11 PM regulations. However, these conditions are nothing more than what we will probably experience here in three years or so. Food costs are about equal to those in Seattle. Meat, fresh vegetables, are cheaper, but canned goods more expensive. Appliances are 10% to 30% more than in



in the U.S. Restaurants are cheaper with the preservation of the English institution of the corner Beanery and Grill. Beer is twice as strong, whiskey cheaper. The University of British Columbia is dismally straight and dreary. Simon Frazier is modern, self-consciously liberal, and hard to get to without a car. Buses run with European efficiency and cost only 20c. Chinatown in Vancouver is larger and less commercial than in San Francisco. Many good cheap restaurants. Largest heroin traffic on the West Coast. Opium, too. Indian whores for \$5. White for \$15 and up. The Zoo is fantastic, the parks magnificent, the skiing superb, the weather wonderful.

The Underground in Vancouver developed about a year before Seattle's and suffers similar seasonal slumps and endemic meth decay. There are two underground papers, various shops and old-style coffeshouses on 4th West. Papa Bears Medicine Show, an ex-Seattle band some may remember from the Grateful Dead Be-In at Golden Gardens last summer, plays at the Retina Circus--a third night outlet for Boyd Grafmyre as well. The Canadian Cultural Board has given a large grant to a light show visual research group called Intermedia. The director of the Vancouver Art Museum suffers with a lack of space and money, but brings in Media Events from Montreal and New York which would never be considered for showing in Seattle. The theater is active and accessible to those with talent. There are several Communal Utopian Farms and Communities in the wilderness around Vancouver and up the Frazier river. The people, as a whole, seem harder to stereotype: an odd mixture of 20th century educated apartment dwellers, rugged loggers, miners, farmers, shop and office workers, healthy bustling retired old folks with an individual warmth and self-respect that just isn't found in the faces of old people in the US. Vancouver is a modern city that has combined some of the grace of European living with the raw spirit of the West.

Those interested in specific information on Immigration to Canada should refer to Helix Issue 10 Vol. II, Feb. 1, 1968, or write to the Committee, Box 4231, Vancouver 9, B.C. Or better yet drive up or take the train some Sunday afternoon and phone (604) 738-4612, and have tea with some people who aren't worried about the draft or the army.

TH

LETTERS

6



The houseboat lists, alone, lapping against errant ducks, inside a sacramental crabbing dissonance 35,000 Viet Cong in Saigon. Yes, Mom, remember back when, remember back in '65 when you yelled at me and my placard for being unpatriotic and John died in Viet Nam last week remember John, mother he didn't believe in killing but he didn't believe in God either so they tore up his 150 form and John died in Viet Nam last week because he didn't believe in killing and he didn't believe in God. And the Garfield students are wearing black armbands to commemorate the assassination of Malcolm X Dad remember when you told me about the black people you said they aren't any different than we are and I'm finding that a little hard to believe and Arlo Guthrie still had to pay \$50 to pick up the garbage because the dump was closed on Thanksgiving. Good deeds? Oh get off it, Father Warren! The police stopped me last week for jaywalking. O.K. Mom so I broke the law and I looked a little crummy being Saturday and all from scrubbing the floors because hippies are so dirty and all, and I crossed a street where no cars passed to ask someone for 2 cents so I could phone Bill so he could pick up my tranquilizers on his way home from work and I got my 2 cents to call my husband so he could pick up my tranquilizers at the drug store and the police car pulled over and said that I jaywalked and I said I'm sorry but I need 2 cents to call my husband so he could pick up my tranquilizers and they laughed, yeah, and made me open my hand to make sure it wasn't LSD I was after and how old was I and I said 22 and they laughed and where did my parents live and I said I was 22 and my parents had nothing to do with my crimes and they said I was lying about being 22 and they'd put me in the drunk tank incommunicado for a month or pay a fine of \$15 I said they couldn't confine me because I was epileptic (well, dad, I told them the truth once and they didn't believe me and Hitler said if you tell a big enough lie, people'd believe it) and if I didn't have 2 cents, I didn't have no \$15 and walked away, all the time remembering that time someone tried to break into the apt. and I called the police and they came after 30 minutes and played with my cats. And Arlo's still waiting for it to come around again. Well, O.K. I'll stay off the soapbox, pay the income tax, stay out of organizations, not sign this letter and listen to the innocuous Arlo and beware of the whining Dylan and Arlo's Dust Bowl daddy but I'm having a baby sometime this year until I can attribute this nausea to this obscenitized world (O.K. mom, I won't use that word) and I'm just wondering what in God's name I'm going to tell her about that little napalmed scorched country in Southeast Asia, the cities that'll be as black as their burners, the Helix busters, and about the United States of America because I wouldn't try to raise a parakeet in this fucked up country

quip

GARRISON

An ex-Deputy Sheriff of the Dallas Sheriff's Department and Officer of the Year in 1960, Roger Craig, revealed to the Free Press last week that two rifles were found in the Texas School Book Depository immediately after Kennedy's death, that he talked to Eugene Bradley (who was posing as a Secret Service Agent) outside the Depository minutes after the shooting, that he saw Oswald run across the "grassy knoll" and get into a green station wagon, that when he entered the sixth floor of the Depository from which Oswald is supposed to have shot Kennedy, the empty shell cases were neatly lined up in a row, not scattered around the room as they would have been had they been fired from a gun minutes before, that although Sheriff Decker had told his men to take no part in the security of the motorcade, he had several special men stationed (with rifles) on the tops of buildings around Main and Houston, that the Dallas Police Department confiscated 15,000 rounds of ammunition, several M-16 rifles, and a case of grenades from Jack Ruby's storehouse, and that Ruby had \$2,000 cash in his pocket the day he killed Oswald, another \$10,000 was found in Ruby's apartment, and "an uncountable amount of cash" was found in the trunk of his car. Roger Craig was fired from the Sheriff's department and has since had several attempts made on his life.

Garrison's efforts to bring Clay Shaw and Eugene Bradley to trial in New Orleans on charges of conspiracy to assassinate Kennedy

have bogged down in extradition hearings and pleas for changes of venue. Attorneys defending Shaw have requested change of venue on the somewhat questionable grounds that Jim Garrison actively conspired with authors Mark Lane (Rush to Judgment), Harold Weisberg (Whitewash I & II, and Photographic Whitewash) to prejudice prospective jurors. Their books, articles and speeches have made it impossible for Shaw to receive fair trial in New Orleans, defence contends. Weisberg's books have been suppressed in New Orleans and are not available in the city. If this motion is denied the trial will continue on April 11. If granted, the trial would be moved to some other Louisiana parish, Garrison would remain as prosecutor, but a new judge would be assigned.

Garrison has announced that ex-CIA director Allen Dulles will be subpoenaed before the grand jury to testify. Dulles, formerly a member of the Warren Commission, will be asked to testify about possible CIA connections with the assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald and other similar events in New Orleans.

Other developments: the Los Angeles Times revealed a new witness who could further implicate Eugene Bradley. The witness claims to have seen Bradley and Dave Ferrie together at the New Orleans Airport. Ferrie, before his sudden and untimely death, was a co-conspirator in Garrison's original indictment.

EAS LYSERGIC light company

A and A Gifts
1400 1ST AVE AT UNION
SEATTLE, WASH. 98101
WATER PIPES

7 "How many of the people migrating to Los Angeles have the funds with which to feed themselves or rent a pad? Some of them do, for a while anyway. But what about the people who don't have the money, or the people who run out shortly after their arrival? Is there anyone to help them? Except for a few isolated cases, there really hasn't been. Well, now there is someone. They're not very big right now, but with everyone's help they'll soon be the most important and beneficial group in Los Angeles. They call themselves 'The Diggers Creative Society!.....'"

And so began an open letter, or should I say plea, put together by eight people ten months ago. They had gathered for the weekend to look back on their first month of operation and to try and establish some goals, or at least intentions, for the future. They were dedicated people who really cared and wanted to help those who needed it. They accomplished a great deal those first few months. Two weeks after Boots, Bill, and Hil first met each other on April 8th, they were providing an average of thirty people a night with a place to sleep. A week after that they fed 700 people one Sunday afternoon in Griffith Park. They grew from three to eight then to eleven hopeful people. Hopeful that their dreams would not be corrupted or dissolved by pressure. But they needed help from everywhere and so they wrote an open letter to tell everyone that they were there and needed help.

Los Angeles is an extremely wealthy city. It's also the home of most of the top names in the record industry. Somehow the word got around that the top D.J. in Los Angeles wanted to rap a while with the Diggers. They got in touch with him and a very big secret meeting was arranged. It was quite a meeting, too. Phil Spector, the boy wonder record king, was there and he wanted to know just what it was that the Diggers wanted. Why all they had to do was say the word and they could have the Mayor, a U.S. Senator, or even money. All the number one D.J. seemed to say was "Those kids out there put me where I am and I aim to pay 'em back as best I can." Two days later, May 10th to be exact, the phone rang at the Diggers office and it was number one D.J. again with a message and a quote that will surely go down in history. "From now on it's steak and lobster baby". It seems that Liberty Records was going to cut a single, with a group that they would form, about love and flowers and such. A lot of "the top people" really dug what the Diggers were doing and they were going to donate all of the sales profits from the single to them. The idea never materialized, of course, but it might have been great. I mean, can you dig the billboards reading....."Phil Spector presents Liberty Records presenting Humble Harve presenting the Diggers Creative Society and their free thing. This week steak, next week lobster."

The Diggers found a lot of so called "great" people with "beautiful" ideas. About the only "real" person to come along was the Reverend Bob Alexander from the San Fernando Valley. In one evening his church created a new Health, Education and Welfare committee called The Creative Society, accepted eleven new members, and placed those new members on the new committee. Under the church's charter with the State of California, the Diggers, or should I say the Creative Society, was now able to legally accept donations.

About this time internal strife began to arise. Some were calling for more organization, some for less, and others for a decentralization of power. It was evident, even in the early weeks, that anyone claiming to be a Digger could command a great deal of respect. Ego's are strange things and even some of the best people can change into monsters unknowingly. Meetings and discussions were growing into useless arguments. New people with their minds in their pockets were trying to become "members" while most of the original clan became disgusted with the fighting and lack of action and split to do their own thing by themselves.

In the middle of all the turmoil came an eviction notice. The landlord, who had been so helpful in the beginning, was forced to submit to establishment pressures. A new location was found, which the Creative Society still occupies, on Highland Avenue. But the Highland Avenue location wasn't always going to be just an office. A new face, with the name Norm Brooks attached, had joined the inner circle. Norm was going to put up the money and the Diggers would find the people to work in a combination psychedelic shop and coffee house. They were going to open a business and cater to the same people as they were supposed to give things free to. That venture ended in an actual fist fight between Norm Brooks and Plastic Man (an actual person) in the Digger office. Norm then split to San Francisco for the summer where he conned some good people out of a few thousand dollars and split again.

Sitting patiently and quietly on the sidelines during all the fighting was Paul Johnson. Paul had entered the L.A. Digger scene towards the end of May. He always gave good vibes and really believed in the idea of giving and helping. By the time the fist fight occurred it was the very end of June and Paul was the only person left who even knew the other ten people that had been there a month earlier. He had sat back and let the others fight it out until only he remained.

I have to give Paul credit. He could have let the entire thing fold but he didn't. For whatever the Creative Society is now, it must be acknowledged that they did feed a lot of people and gave shelter to most of those that needed it during the summer. There are just a few points that worry me, in fact they scare hell out of me. My only reason for writing this is the fact that Paul Johnson is my friend.

I've been to the office on Highland many times now. But what impressed me most upon my first visit were two things. The first was just plain old bad vibes. You can tell when the air is bad and I've never been there since that they've been much better. A lot of other people are of this same opinion. The second was a sign mounted on the door of one of the rooms.



IS
THIS
MAN
A
DIG-
GER?



It read.. "Diggers Creative Society-Paul Johnson, Co-ordinator-Private Office-Keep Out (this means you)". Inside could be found a desk with three phones, a couch, T.V., tape recorder, record player, a closet full of good clothes, and Paul. He was pretty busy counting a large wad of money in his wallet but he told me he had a date later on in the evening and that two officers from the L.A. County Sherrifs office had stopped by earlier in the week and cleaned up the back yard.

Every time I would go to the office, Paul would lay a new bit of information on me. And each time the information would get more appalling. It seems that each Thursday morning, during the summer, members of the Creative Society (I now refuse to call them Diggers) would attend meetings of the Parks and Recreation Board to decide just where Hippies could and could not go in the public parks. I understand now that they have decided to make chicks wear underwear at all times also.

If you ever go to the Sunset Strip, you'll find an expensively new office building with the simple name of "9000 Sunset". Closet space in the building probably starts at around \$300/month. Inside this building you will find the offices of people like Lou Adler, the Byrds, the Monterey Pop Festival, etc. You will also find, right in the middle of it all, the executive offices of the Los Angeles Diggers Creative Society. The Creative Society doesn't pay for the office or even the girl that answers the phone. It's all donated. It's donated by a fellow who used to produce the Byrds. A few months ago there was a benefit, or so it was called, at the Hollywood High School auditorium for the Creative Society featuring a completely unknown group. Well, as Paul Johnson reported it to me, it wasn't really a benefit at all. In fact, it was a bet between two promoters. One had bet the other that he could take a completely unknown group and get 2000 people out to their first performance. How do you accomplish such a task? You use the name "Digger". How do you get an office rent free at 9000 Sunset? You let someone use your name. Fuck!

I sat in the Creative Society office one evening and saw two fellows and a chick refused a place to sleep because they had used up their allotted three nights a week earlier. That same evening I saw four people refused food because it was eight o'clock in the evening. They claimed that they hadn't eaten in a few days but food is served at four each afternoon. Rules are rules you know. It was later on that same evening when I decided that all that I have written here must be told. Paul was in a very boastful mood and began showing me records. he had been keeping concerning how many people they had crashed since April. They were broken down into how many from each state, territory, or country. Even into sex and age groups. Then he brought out the files on the under eighteens and runaways. They were very complete and some even had photographs attached. They asked such questions as when did you leave home, why, where is home, etc. I noticed that the forms were very well printed and even had numbers attached. I asked Paul where he got them and he told me that they were county forms. Then he showed me something that I never thought I would see. In his wallet, Paul Johnson carries a badge that reads - DEPUTY PROBATION OFFICER - COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES. He went on to tell me that in October, I believe it was, when thirty-four people were busted at Griffith Park - the occasion! a Love-in - he was in the command center and watched it all happen. His comment was, "It was beautiful, man, beautiful. They just carried them off as easy as could be." At that I said goodbye to Paul and left in disbelief.

I'm proud as hell to say that I was one of those eleven hopeful people that tried to do a thing last April. But I'm sick and ashamed of what it has all become. I want to publicly apologize to everyone for what I helped create. And incidentally, if you ever see a picture of Paul Johnson taken while he was in the Army, note that the name on his uniform say BROWN not JOHNSON. HIL

SARGENTI VOBIS

This year's annual Presidential Prayer Breakfast in Washington on Feb. 1 was so incredible that even the establishment media let it go by as quietly as possible. Gathered together were the President, Vice-President, various Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet members, and as Sen. Frank Carlson put it in his summary in the Congressional Record of Feb. 15, "outstanding leaders in the field of industry and business, chancellors and presidents from a select number of universities and colleges, and men of distinction from the courts, from communications and from every other phase of our economic life," in short, the whole ball of wax.

Various of the assembled men of distinction arose to propose prayers. Among them was Army Chief of Staff, General Harold Johnson.

"There is a solution to the problems of this world," he said. "There is a solution to the problems of our cities and our streets...There is a solution to the problem of our young; with them, turn to God."

Two weeks later, General Johnson turned to "protective body armor, bull-horns, searchlights and portable gas dispensers," which he is stockpiling around the country at "strategically located depots," and "seven brigade-size task forces" for civil disobedience duty this summer. (Washington Evening Star Feb. 16)

Not to be outdone, the Great Flatulent One spoke.

Escalating his new image as the lonely, soldier President, he acienved the unlikely eminence of combining the literary styles of Shakespeares's Richard III and Uncle Remus:

"At this season of the calendar, the nights are long, the winds are chill, the light of day is often dull and gray. Our minds know that the chill will pass, that spring will come, that the days will be brighter once again...Our spirits grow weary and restive as the springtime of man seems farther and farther away...."

Then the great panjandrum allowed to the assembed courtiers, "In this great office of all the people, it is not my right or my privilege to tell other citizens how or when or what they should worship. I can--and I do--tell you that in these long nights your President prays...American never stands taller than when her people go to their knees."

A song by the Singing Sergeants concluded proceedings.

Anybody who doesn't believe the above can read it in the Congressional Record for Feb. 15.



8
 YOUR SUBURBAN SOCIETY MAY SOMEDAY PREPARE JUST LIKE THESE PIGMENT PUSHERS TO THE LEFT FROM NEWPORT. THE PAINT-IN IS NOT FAR OFF. YOU CAN TELL BY THE PRACTICE DESIGNS ON THE WALL TO THE REAR. COMPARE THIS SCENE TO THE ONE TO THE LEFT. THE LATTER IS A DRAB AFFAIR FOR SURE.

PLAN YOUR OWN PAINT-IN

It used to be that men photographed women. This is over. Men now paint women, women paint men, women women and men men. The camera was too detached. It was a losing struggle taking those pictures: trying to strain the epidermal life of a man's senses through the contraption of a lens. The life of the eye alone just couldn't be expected to continue to support the whole fleshly desire to capture, fix and embellish the human form. Now, instead of the frightened male asking for a little cheese-cake we have preciously embellished ceremonies of group painting -- each other. And so to enrich the reader's own more jejune pleasures we print here instructions and advice on the unexpected directions of our nations newest hip delight. But the reader must be warned that these are only photographs and so participate in that old rigid habit: the need to goggle. The reader would be so advised to lay that clouded pleasure aside and begin at the grass-roots to form his own campus cadre or suburban society for that FULLER PAINTING FUN.

3
 THOUGH THE PAINTING ARRANGEMENT TO THE RIGHT IS A BIT UNUSUAL IT IS NOT UNCOMMON. HOUSEWIFES HAVE FOUND PAINT-INS FOR TWO, DELIGHTFUL DIVERSIONS FOR THOSE TIMES WHEN HUSBY IS TOO BUSY. BUT THIS SCENE HAS ITS OWN PECULIAR PATHOS. NOTE THE SOFT CONSTERNATION OF THE ONE AS SHE WAITS FOR THE OTHER TO PREPARE THE PAINTS. THE LATTER WOULD HAVE DONE WELL TO HAVE PREPARED THE PAINTS AT A MORE CONVENIENT TIME.

then

Why look old at 30?

when your skin can look young at 50!

MORE TIMID COUPLES ARE ADVISED TO START THEIR PAINTING RIGHT AT HOME. LET THE WIFE PUT ON HER HIDDEN BIKINI AND THE HUSBAND OLD JEANS AND A SWEATSHIRT AND PRACTICE.

GIRLS AND PAINT MAKE BIG LAUGH-IN SPLASH

A PAINT-IN IS LIKE KISSING YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR WITH LIP STICK.



A FREE TUBE OF BODY PAINT TO: Louis Abolafia, twenty-five, the "Nude Candidate for President," who campaigns on a platform of "cosmic-love ticket for art, beauty, culture and love." Abolafia says he has "nothing to hide."



5
 LATER YOU TOO WILL GRADUATE TO ACTION PAINTING, (above) YOUR MORE TIMID FRIENDS WHO HAVE NOT YET LEARNED OF THE FUN CAN COME AND AFTER THE INITIAL FRIGHT THEIR SOUND TO JOIN IN. SOME COUPLES (below) LIKE TO DRESS-UP AND SQUISH FRESH HERRIES ON EACH OTHER.

6
 ABOVE YOU SEE TOWARDS THE REAR ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED BODY PAINTERS IN THE LIFE OF THIS YOUNG ART. HER NAME IS MOD AND SHE SHOOTS HER PAINT FROM BOTH BARRELS OF A SHOT GUN: TWO COLORS. WITH JUSTIFIED PRIDE SHE INVARIABLY SHOOTS "IT'S A MOD MOD MOD MOD MOD WORLD." (note above) MOD'S TARGETS ARE ALWAYS ECSTATIC. MOD DOES NOT TAKE TARGETS BY TELEPHONE.

7
 AGAIN! IT IS INEVITABLE THAT INITIATES WILL BE UNDULY CAUTIOUS. THE GIRL BELOW (WHOSE IDENTITY IS PROTECTED BY HER HAND) CAME TO A RECENT PAINT-IN ALL PAINTED UP IN ANKLE TO NECK RAYON TIGHTS. NOTE THE DARING BUTTONS SHE WEARS TO CONCEAL HER TIMIDITY. SOON SHE TOO WILL LEARN THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR.

8
 THE SCENE TO THE LEFT IS OBVIOUSLY PERVERSE AND SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

THIS MAN HAS BEEN INVITED TO A PAINT-IN. HE IS AFRAID.



MARCH 2, 2:45PM:

"Good day, Mr. Delay, Dr. Anderson sneaking here..... You don't know of me, but I would like to give you the opportunity for an interview, the first one of its kind. I am the leader of an international organization of scientists known as STOP. The organization is...ahh, underground, so to speak. We have developed highly sophisticated automatons which are identical functioning replicas of homo sapiens. Lyndon Johnson is one of them....Are you interested?"

BY JACK DELAY

HELI: You mention when you first contacted me that your organization is underground, why then did you arrange this interview?

ANDERSON: That's somewhat of a paradox, the reason we are doing it is because we don't believe it's necessary. You see, no one will believe it and, therefore, we will remain underground.

H: It seems to me that if you have all the technology and understanding of human psychology you told me about, you wouldn't need this test.

A: Quite frankly, Mr. Delay, this LSD cult has thrown something of a monkey wrench into our machinery. In fact, we generated quite a bit of scientific tripe to discourage its use. We are infinitesimally close to pure understanding, but still, occasionally, have to rely on empirical testing. We are extremely close to our objective, and have become quite cautious. We believe that LSD expands one's consciousness only within the normal scope of human experience, you know, enlightenment and all that. If we are mistaken, a considerable change of plans is in order.

H: How will you know from this interview?

A: Sorry, a good scientist can't bias his sample.

H: Can you tell us more about Johnson?

A: Certainly. It was quite an impressive operation. You see, although our automatons, robots if you like, are capable of exact duplication of any human being. It is impossible to have all the data up to the time of replacing a given individual. Someone very close might notice the discontinuity. Individuals go through a period of discontinuity, however, as the result of a traumatic event, and this is considered natural. What we did is pre-program Kennedy's assassination in Johnson's replacement, and used the chaos of the episode to replace him. Lyndon is quite happy now, incidentally.

H: Your organization, then, is responsible for the assassination?

A: Not as all, violence is a game of animals, we simply put them together in the same cage, so to speak.

H: But YOUR Johnson is perpetuating and precipitating violence at home and abroad.

A: Quite true. It's part of our pro tems solution, until our objective is attainable. You see, we noticed a long time ago that most human beings are, in reality, mere animals...highly sophisticated, perhaps, but still animals. We provided scientific knowledge that was ignored, rejected, and abused by so-called rational human beings. In fact, the whole idea of gaining power through the use of automatons evolved from our understanding of a distinct lack of 'humanness' among people. It is only fitting that their leaders be inhuman, and that they satiate the animal desires of the people without, of course, total destruction.

H: Your organization is elitist then?

A: To be sure, but not in the racist sense. Its master minds, not races, that are the answer. You see Wallace, for example, is as inhuman as the races he discriminates against. If Hitler had left his trust in science instead of going to his astrologer, we could be in power today and have eliminated conflict.

H: How can you think that elitist power will eliminate problems, what is your solution?

A: I'm not at liberty to say, but all the animals will be comfortable. I must go now, and I thank you for the interview.

H: I hope you understand that all this is a little hard to believe, as a final shot, can I ask you why you didn't choose a larger UPS paper?

A: The phrase 'hard to believe' emanates from the animal. It is not real. You were selected because you will publish the interview. Good day.

Dr. Neill W. Anderson is the leader of a secret organization of scientists known as STOP (Special Technology Of Power). When Dr. Anderson first contacted me, I thought he was simply insane, but after a short period of time, I was totally confused. He was obviously a brilliant man with a keen understanding of human motivations. Even though I have become indoctrinated to the unknown and untestable through the use of psychedelics, I found myself extremely sceptical and defensive in his presence.

He was straightforward and gave the impression of honesty even though what he said seemed fantastically unreal. He contended that he wanted to be interviewed by this paper to research reactions in the minds of those "pretending to have expanded consciousness". That particular statement came high on a list of those that made me uneasy.

Rather than belabor my impressions, which he made quite clear to me were mere opinions of what is rather than WHAT IS, I will simply recount his initial statement to me, and go directly to the later interview.

FREE U

Back in the beginning, there was hope that the FREE UNIVERSITY would be continuously--clean through--recreated by its "students"...that even it's clerical choices would demand that vital involvement which suggested that the future of education hung in the balance. That was back in the fall of '66, when hippies were the substance of things hoped for, and when nearly four hundred packed into the FREE U's big room at the top of the stairs. It was the first general meeting at the start of FUS's first quarter. The scene was so confused that most of the 400 didn't return. And near the end of the quarter the whole thing nearly collapsed. Interest in most of the classes had dissipated, and early harassment on the part of the fire department and later landlord anxieties compounded the confusion. All the while the depleted substance of the Steering Committee continued to meet regretting the price of stamps and building the polemic of "FREE", or "What the hell is it anyway?"

So the history of the FREE U has been riddled with disappointments. But it takes only one little facile irony to understand that this is to be expected and even welcomed. In fact, the naivete of the FREE U's ambitions and consequent disappointments are almost strategic; that is, should it ever become a little colossus confident of it's goalish direction it would materialize as only a pale analogy of the giant across the street: the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON. Contrary to what was originally thought ideal it is functionally benign that the Steering Committee and all that office regambole be sentimentally and actually dissociated from the real action of the school: its classes. The Steering Committee, for all its heartfelt speculations into the rationalization of "FREE", has always been and will continue to be the little body of administratively minded pundits who must finally decide who licks the stamps. The classes go on. Some of them incredibly silly and some of them dangerously effective. This spring quarter at the FREE U there will be over fifty courses offered. (FOR INFORMATION AND A CATALOGUE CALL ME 2-2299). Ten, seventeen, or even thirty of them will "make it." And "making it" means there will be a summer quarter with new courses and new stamp-lickers. So it is ironically that revolution--and that confusion--which makes the FUS institution an effective anti-institution.



MEET INTERESTING PEOPLE
NEAR YOU WHO ENJOY NUDY:
ANY AGE MALE/FEMALE
MARRIED/SINGLE
ALAN TUCK ASSOCIATES
DEPT. H, P.O. BOX 1532
UNION
NEW JERSEY 07083

NUDISCOVER

9



Experimental College

And now there is a new Free U called EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE. The child of Mike Mandville (BOC member at the U of W and one of the Second wave originators of FUS) the EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE is now effectively in the hands of Larry Bailey, his wife and John Shafer (also member of FUS's Steering Committee). Modeled inevitably after FUS and then after similar experiments in California, the U of W's EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE will offer non-credit courses to U of W students, staff, and faculty. So far the faculty has responded but the students have not. Two articles in the DAILY (one of them lead-front page) and a number of ads in the same, plus fliers, personal encouragement, and gentle jousting have reaped only piddling interest from U students. (See accompanying photo for an indication of the dearth of student interest. The scene: last Tuesday's Steering Committee meeting.) Among West Coast student leaders the prototype of the "average U of W student" is, frankly, fixed. He is "serving time." In the minds of Californians his complexion mixes with that of Seattle winter weather: a conservative gray blending to drab. (When SDS sponsored a Vietnam poll, only a small percentage of U of W students felt it worth their time to vote and of those who did the majority voted Hawk. A similar poll at Harvard found the overwhelming majority of ALL students voting against U.S. involvement in the war.) In short, THE EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE, has a lot to overcome.

The college founders believe that the what of education (its content) has a lot to do with the way of education. So they wish to keep the classes informal and free of any arbitray authority. Eventually, the continued life of the college will depend upon money; or can they get the BOC to give them the kinds of funds that will be needed to bring on campus class-instigators who are viably free of those academic hang-ups the Experimental College is trying to avoid. The Experimental College represents one opportunity for the ASUW to use its funds creatively. And it owns a lot of money. The college will ask for \$10,000 for the coming year. (That's about the amount similar experiments at San Francisco State and Mid-Peninsula receive each quarter for their student-run schools.)

Since the catalogue will be out only about the time of registration (March 25) we print here this quarter's offerings... (1) FILM MAKING... Dave White, (2) FILM REVIEWING... Pat Sullivan, (3) EXPRESSION... Khai Mann Tues. 4:30 (4) POLITICS 68... faculty member of the Poli-Sci Dept. Tues. 3:30-5:00 (5) DEVOTIONAL DANCE, Movement and Posture... Mon. Weds. Thurs. 12:30 (6) WOMAN IN SOCIETY... by Assoc. Women Students, (7) THE UNIVERSE, POETRY AND OLD ORANGE FEELINGS... (8) WHAT THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION DOESN'T TELL YOU ABOUT TEACHING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS... Jerry Wells, first meeting from 4 to 6, April 1, (9) DREAMS AND RELATED PHENOMENA... Clay Grubb Wen. 8pm, (10) SCANDINAVIAN HISTORY, POLITICS AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS... Peter Hendrickson, (11) THURSPAYS IN THE 19th...

These are the unedited reflections of one local White after meeting with several more or less Black militants. The author while on his way to the HELIX OFFICE for rewrite and editing was apprehended by the police for hitch hiking with a friend. The friend didn't know his name, so he spent those hours in jail he would have spent setting his notes in order. We number them as more or less connected fragments.....

1

"There is no civil rights movement in Seattle." Not like there was even two years ago. It has changed. There are certain groups that are in no way responsive to the power structure or their programs. They aren't listening anymore and they aren't waiting. They know how to destroy. Six houses have burned down in the Central District lately, and the building that housed CAMP was gutted. It wasn't an accident. And there are those who have curious plans for that super-sized bank that's building downtown. It's not surprising. I'm White and that bank building is nothing to me but an obscenity. There are twenty money museums just like it already downtown. The people that work there live on Queen Anne Hill hopefully, mobile and have probably never heard of Gene Moses. Or R.A.M. One of Seattle's community workers, militant, worked in one of those banks once as a clerk. He tells about the time he was working in the safety deposit box section where the people who can play different kinds of games come to occasionally check their money and valuables. It is rolled out for them dutifully. One day this cat who is black, black, black rolled out a table of boxes for a middle-aged matron from Bellevue or Laurelhurst. She looked at him and her boxes and had a heart attack on the spot. It didn't cross his head until a white guard took him aside and suggested he take a coffee break. Not that he wants to blow up any banks. He is currently trying to stop that sort of thing. But he laughs at frightened white people. "I'm going to buy me a gun shop and sell guns to whitey." The Black man sees the White man better than he sees himself.

2

Pro-violence groups in Seattle aren't laughing. You don't laugh much when you're on the street. You're too pushed to laugh. They see their people. Above that they see the CIVIL RIGHTS BOARD members whom they consider TOMS. Then above that they see the Governor, Mayor, City Council, County Commissioners and the Press. And on top they see the Company Officials of Boeing, 1st National Bank, West Coast Airlines, Washington Mutual Savings, H. Broderick, the Oil Heat Institute and Sick's Rainier Beer. That, with Magnuson and Jackson is THE MAN.



The second station speaks to the third. "A couple of thousand dollars and some jobs this summer and I think we can handle it." The militant answers and is just now being heard, "No, Sir, that ain't gonna get it." He sees the needs of the people in the Central Area filtered through the BOARDS and everything changed or emasculated by the time it reaches the top. They are tired of the programs that promise hope, coming from the institutions that give only frustration.

3

"When Bobby Blue Bland shouts 'It's gonna take more than a little bit of gold...' he ain't just talking to some cat who ain't handling his woman right. He says it's gonna take a whole lot of soul... and, baby, you better believe it. If they only person you ever speak with is a Seattle bus driver on your way to work... you don't know what's happening."

4

By the time of last year's riot in Newark, Congress had vetoed the Rat Bill which might have made sense to the man beneath the power structure, but which was an embarrassment to the representatives of our government. It was an abstraction that those used to living in comfortable white homes just could not cope with. It is no abstraction in the ghetto. If you've seen the rats and dealt with absentee landlords, you don't need any arguments and talk to convince you. The same conditions prevail in Seattle's Central Area that you find reported more often of Harlem, Hough, Hunter's Point and Hyde Park. At the same time that the Rat Bill went down... Congress voted in one big rush a bill to penalize anyone traveling across state lines for the purpose of stirring up racial troubles. The penalties are tough and can only be viewed as repressive.

5

The report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders was a little better. And it was not apparently to Johnson's liking; he endorsed the commission, but not the report. To his credit, Governor Evans endorsed the report's findings and the commission. Evans went further by stating, "I hope that the money we are spending in Viet Nam can soon be released to fight these problems we have here at home." But as one hip-looking dish washer said over tea, "Evans might be even more antiwar except for Boeing."

6

Except for Boeing! As they will tell you in the C.D., negroes who work for Boeing don't get promoted. Some are even released when promotion is otherwise inevitable. They say also that if riots break out in Seattle, you'll find the Boeing workers on the streets in the heat of it. The militants as well as the employees of Boeing know what pew William Allen of Boeing occupies in the Seattle power structure. And if Henry Jackson wears a 747 lapel pin in the Senate, you don't have to wonder what way he's going to vote on anything connected with war or war on poverty and inequality.

7

Programs won't get it because it's People not machine parts that are being dealt with. And these people want equal opportunity, not jobs. They don't want a hung-up job at Boeing and no rights to use the community. The East Madison Street "Y" has a program. A program on paper. But no one can find the record player, there are no records, there is no music. There is no gymnasium, no swimming pool. These are promised. They have been promised since 1960. There is no pool in the entire C.D. that is public. And when the "Y" gets theirs, it is likely it will cost the kids up to 35 cents to use it even with membership cards. There have been no weekend dances at the "Y" for several months supposedly because there was a fight outside during the last one. Militants say there is NO "Y". There is a Y for staff meetings, there is a Y for coin-op pop, ice cream and gum vendors, there is a Y for the Rev. Adams. But there is little in the Y for the kids who need one to use.

Uncle Sam wants YOU nigger

BURN BABY BURN!

8

One voice from Newark after the riot: "There was only one man who could have walked on Springfield Avenue and said, 'Brothers, cool it'. That was Malcolm X. We have no such leaders now. Whitey doesn't understand this. Some little Negro pork chop preacher who is hustling pot and girls in a storefront church goes to city hall and gets all sorts of promises. That's not grass-roots leadership, but Whitey thinks he's dealing with respectable Negroes."

That is not exactly the character of the case in Seattle. It was the case in Watts though. Driving along San Pedro Avenue from Watts Towers to downtown L.A. five days before the riots there, I saw maybe a hundred storefront churches in about 40 blocks and wondered if they weren't filled with the usual good hearted old black women and empty of the young. The kids were on the street that early morning. Some of them waiting for buses to go to school, some of them waiting for buses to go downtown and goof off, some of them digging the pimps in their hogs, in their \$200 suits, in their processed wigs, with two broads at their side. Some of them hanging out on the street in front of rec halls, coca cola, pool, karate, soul dance, whitestone realty. And when it happened everybody saw that there wasn't any communication between these people and city hall or the man. A friend who was in L.A. doing concerts sat up watching the riots on TV. The automobile dealer who was the sponsor of what was usually the all night movies, broke in after about an hour of this mindblowing realism and said with a dead pan face: "Hi folks! I hope you're enjoying the show." It was probably a tape. But that was the medium that night and that is the kind of communication whitey is really putting down. Be a wheeler-dealer, go to Westlake Chevrolet, soul brother.

9

Rev. Adams and Rev. McKinney who sit on several of Seattle's civil rights boards are not out of storefront churches, nor are they dealing pot or girls to anyone's knowledge. They are from large, monied congregations in Seattle's Central Area and therefore are supposed by the man to be respectable men with influence. And they have been appointed here, there and everywhere. But their influence has been institutionalized and trapped if it was effective or active influence at all.

10

One militant rights leader pictured Rev. Adams and Mayor Braman at one of their breakfast meetings like this: Mayor: Good morning, John. How are things going in the Central Area? Adams: Fine, Mayor, Fine. Oh, we had a little skirmish there last night but I think I've got it pretty well under control. Mayor: Fine, John. Well, how's the program going? Adams: Fine, Mayor, Fine. We may need \$200,000 and a few jobs this summer and I think everything will be all right. Mayor: Well, John, I think we can raise that kind of money. NOW you go on back and keep an eye on things and we'll see what we can do.

11

OPERATION FISH-HOOK, for which there is adequate money in the Rights Program has guidelines proposing the employment of militants to jobs as black workers or detached workers. It would give them cars, orientation and a good salary to move in the community determining the needs of those on welfare and those with nothing. They would have at their fingertips a listing of every service there is in this town and would direct the poor to the agency most useful in their case. They would be authorized to find housing for single men of no means for from 15 to 45 days and follow up with other help.

12

That's the proposed program, but what will probably happen is this. The guidelines will be changed and the block workers will be the same ineffectual older women now ineffectually involved in similar programs under the auspices of CAMP.

13

"But 99 and a half ain't gonna get it, man. They've got to have a hundred." Otis Redding.



14

If the establishment in Seattle wants to keep any part of the city standing, they're going to have to put out. They're going to have to do better than sending out plain clothes police women with their five hundred dollar misunderstandings. It has got to do better than just sending out the press for interviews every time there is a tremor. If it would take one twentieth the number of empty shops and stores that have the name H. Broderick in the windows and open them for community centers. If it would go personally to the Black People. It has got to do better than Rev. Adams.

15

In any area where the pimp is a paragon, where women turn to hustling because bread is hard to come by, where kids cut school and hang out because home is a hassle and the classroom not meaningful or involving, where food costs more than in other parts of town, where insurance rates on furniture, for instance, are higher by design, where people live in homes they call "kingdoms of the roaches".... there is bound to be violence on a grand scale come "those walking nights."

16

"YOU'D BETTER SHAKE IT, MISTER."

ใกล้ในคอนเซ็ปท์นี้...

จะเป็นทั้งเด็กของบว

งเขา ซึ่งเขาเชื่อว่าคงจับตามดูเขาอยู่

Prelude

I think you passed me certainly
My mind felt the edge of something drift,
A Nebulous border stroke
Touch not tug
Across my bridge filled vision

Something did pass,
Nothing was changed but,
But relations, links of proportion,
Feel somehow a little different now
Like a red-lit smokey room
When the record player pauses to make
A mechanical sound, a hum, a few clicks

I was not left prostrate,
Blind on the road;
Heard not even the broken icicle
of a glass chime.

But I think you passed me, certainly
My mind felt the edge of something drift.
And now a few dreams pool, swirl,
Down the sides of an old picture swirl
Flow, slide & pool.

9773

出世圖書館
其他各科圖書
由本館
附奉本校

SUN

MON

TUE



No person may bring
use or sale therein,
a state liquor store or

WHO CAN BE SAVED?
Ungodly! Guilty! Condemned!

10¢

PATIENT'S COPY

IT'S
ILIZATION

a will to free men

1 2 3 4 5
spring is the blooming
coming out of doors
When you see the sun
rise from the sky
to equal days and nights
and full moon in the sky (April 13)
go as groups to meet each other
in moon light hilltop park
to sing and dance
and celebrate the spirit blooming
all that man is
worth preserving
forever

And the Sun Day next
of ophrodite rising
at the dawn
Festival of LOVE PEACE AWARENESS

This apocalyptic hour
Cosmology burning
Pisces to A Aquarius
this hour
clear water bearing
for the rising of the light
we are gathered of
beginning of this Millenium
here all ready
we celebrate
the rising all around

87

BER

3 4

Paul Sawyer



Mogen David Blackberry

this side
BACK

Last Quar

Full Moon

MISCELLANEOUS

PEACH

We are living in a society undergoing terrific change. Because America is a naturally dynamic society, radical change in its structure and patterns takes on an especially dramatic form. The flexibility which allowed this country to survive the upheavals of world depression and war appears stretched to its breaking point. Current social institutions cannot adapt to the new conditions without abandoning their present forms and thus cannot survive at all.

Technology, mass education, population expansion and redistribution, overproduction and other social forces, both controlled and otherwise, have altered the physical and social environment to the point where existent social forms are obsolete. Man has consciously and unconsciously upset his own ecology. To survive he must readapt himself. The process of adaptation has at other times necessitated revolution. Revolution again appears inevitable.

The microcosm of human history can be related to the history of all living creatures. The human personality, those component physiological and psychological characteristics which define the human being, remain immutable like the basic chemistry of life. In attempting to survive, however, each constantly reacting to the vicissitudes of their environments, strike certain forms and continually modify these forms. The only correlation between the nature of adaptation and environment is that certain forms survive. The process is random, survival coincidental. Societies like species come and go; all react to their environment but not all survive.

But unlike the molecules and cells and organisms that constitute the phenomenon of life man fancies himself conscious and free. He prefers to think of himself of as engineering his environment, defining his own ecology. And to a small degree he does control the forces around him. Yet he cannot, try as he will, anticipate his future. He remains enslaved by his own nature and only dimly aware of his universe.

Man can affect change but the outcome of those changes do necessarily coincide with his plans. Industrialists can automate their factories and temporarily reap greater profits, but in doing so they doom the current system of economic relationships. Medicine can eliminate disease but cannot cope with overpopulation.

In reacting to environmental changes societies act more or less blindly. They unconsciously release the forces of their own destruction while confidently pursuing survival. Like the Worm Ouroboros they hungrily devour themselves.

Progress is a euphemism for change. Improvement is an illusion.

We are living in a society undergoing terrific change. We are lost and confused, desperately searching for solutions, straining our eyes in the darkness trying to define a direction.

Today many say that the world is on a bummer. They proffer a variety of cures, ranging from fascism to Love. The demagogues and gurus chant their dogma and the I Ching coins clink with timmy insignificance. Gamelessness becomes the most popular of games; self-proclaimed gods tell of their loss of ego. Napalm reaps genocide, molotovs assuage frustration. Politicos polemicize, hippies hump.

It reads like Chekov. We play our parts and the plot thickens. We all seek survival, we all react and change our roles and history convulses.

And when it's all over imperfection and despair, fulfillment and frustration, hate and inequality remain. Like atoms we rearrange but do not change.

Humanity is an organism composed of little parts called people, noisy and blind creatures with a bent for teleology and a lust for prophesy, they grope through their existence and sometimes discover humility.

Dr Tim been here & Dr Tim have gone
Dr Tim been here & Dr Tim have gone
Little castiron buddhas all melting
on the lawn.

The old acid proslytes are going
through the god-that-FAILED change,
giving up dope, and occasionally even
suggesting that others do the same.

Donovan, my humble minstrel in his
long flowing humblerobes, feels that
I should give up drugs altogether (ac-
tually, what he says is "banish to the
dark places.")--va lie around all day
stoned out of your thing, kid and you
will never get up any ambition. The
Mahareshi digs ambition!

Don't mind swimming in the sewer,
don't mind climbing mountain peaks;
Don't mind swimming in the sewer,
don't mind climbing mountain peaks;
Hear one more classical kazoo, be-
lieve I just might freak.

Personally, I prefer Kveskin--a thing
of cough syrup is a joy for beauty/
it will frequently--he uses words like
"viper," doesn't talk much about ban-
ishing etc., and if he never makes it
in the great humility race, at least
he has a sense of modesty. Which is
nice.

Dr. Leary has turned two dimension-
al and now exists only as a mandala
woven in flickering pink around a man-
hole cover located somewhere in un-
state New York, and the number of
bodhisattvas left in his wake is ra-
ther small. It's probably not impos-
sible to attain buddhahood while high
on acid--or lurching through the men's
room door at the Robin, for that mat-
ter--but I think I'd rather do it
while I'm straight. Something like
that could blow your mind pretty bad-
ly, if you weren't expecting it. Out-
side the editorial offices of an oc-
casional newspaper, the Imprison-God-
In-A-Chemical plant approach to dope
is pretty much gone, and people are
re-examining both their highs and
their lives.

I never really had a full scale
Childhood's End acid-vision--though
I did (and still) have some kind of
dream about issuing children banjos on
their fourth birthdays and people get-
ting together at work, declaring an ad
hoc dope break, pulling out instru-
ments from a file marked F(un)k. and
singing 73 verses of She Done Sold It
Out. It didn't really depend on pharm-
aceutical products--it was just that
heads were the only people I knew who
dreamed the same things.

JOAN CUNNICK DUMP TRUCK BABY ALTIMETER BLUES

Call it a full time hobby and it's
changing the streets to zoos;
Call it a full time hobby and it's
changing the streets to zoos;
Call it the spaceneedle syndrome,
42nd Street machinery blues.

Probably crystal did more to turn
people off drugs as the answer to the
age of anxiety than anything else.
You can't watch people going from not
to acid to methamphetamine (it does
happen that way sometimes) without
wondering a little about the size of
the psychedelic sanity-residue.
Sooner or later, a friend gets his
head thoroughly raped before your
very eyes; and you begin to wonder
if drugs--groovy as they may be for
you--are, as a movement, finally
worth it. The whole done as a cure
for adolescence thing gets pretty
unly around the edges. (I know a
seventeen year old ex-sneed freak
chick who says that doing up meth
can be simply hell on acne.)

With the exception of an occasional
pill when I bend deadlines, I don't use
non-psychedelic drugs; and all the
hassle that done has caused me in the
past three or four years is less than
what I went through with a monumental
New Years Eve drunk when I was 15. I
can't say exactly what getting high
has done for me--it's somehow bound
up with what music has done for me
until it's past the point of abstract-
ion--but listening to blues stoned
sure as hell converted one panerhead
writer.

I finally turned on mommy and I
finally turned on dad;
I finally turned on mommy and I
finally turned on dad;
If they ever turn off the TV,
think of the times we'll have.

Our pioneer forefathers couldn't have
been outraneous heads--they had to be
at all times able to manipulate their
environment. If they simply adjusted
their heads to their surroundings,
they would have finally had to make
some kind of decent living arrange-
ment with the mountain lions. The
people of India, on the other hand,
made the reasonable assumption that,
as things hadn't changed for a couple
of thousand years, they couldn't be
changed. They got high and tried to
adjust. There is no amount of hash,
however, that can really reconcile a
woman to watching her two year old son
starving to death in the corner of the
kitchen; and now the East is getting
into technology and, simultaneously,
the use of cannabis is declining.
The West has manipulated its envi-
ronment to the point where a country
like the US is able to support the
entire population in comfort (that it
isn't is a social/moral failing,
rather than a scientific problem) and
our supply of goods and services sur-
passes not only our needs, but our
wants.

Since it has become obvious that we
have reached the saturation point
where things-to-make-us-happy are con-
cerned, and still AREN'T, people are
beginning to feel that it's time to
try coming with our desires rather
than simply feeding them indiscrim-
inately. (That sounds a little like
the Protestant ethic, but the Protes-
tants intensified the desires, then
channeled them toward non-satisfying
goals, using the surplus energy to
keep society stable and output in-
creasing. Which isn't exactly the same
thing). The head thing is simply an
aspect of a psychic trend, rather than
a final solution.

Smoke your cigarettes now baby, sit
inside your room & hurn your tea;
Put a candle by your elbow,
Your radio set to infinity--
Burn a statue full of incense,
Turn around & maybe not miss me.
However getting high as a sort of
emotional shortcut can put your head
in some very evil places--it's cool
to use done as a substitute for the
sort of power hunger that never leads
to anything more than another attack
of power hunger; however a flash can
ultimately be a lousy substitute for
rolling and tumbling naked in bed
with warm people.

The Ensemble Theater

14

Leonard Melfi "ex-Cl, actor, odd-job man, and...winner of the Rockefeller Playwright's Grant" (LIFE 13/10/67), posits a rather standard existential view of man: to be alone is madness, to be with others is pain, faith is the shaky bridge which trembles most at Encounter... the collision of Need. Both "Halloween" and "Birdbath" revolve around these pillars, their characters nervous and afraid, weary and disillusioned, finding in each other another chance to be taken or lost, a glimpse of beauty and peace. Melfi's plays ask an unstated unexplored question; "Why does it have to be so difficult, so brief?"

These plays are so essentially the same play that only Melfi's skill in creating unique characters rescues the Ensemble presentation from dull reiteration. In "Halloween" a thirty year old boy on his own for the first time discovers that what he values most has been stolen, vents his anger wildly on the cockroaches, meets the aging maid of his hotel, whose husband has lied to her and had affairs with other women for years, they discover sympathy in the other, bare their souls, resolve not to lie, and go to bed. In "Birdbath" a nervous, constantly talking girl follows a young poet to his apartment, while he gets drunk and tells of his disappointments, she wriggles in her own nervous stew, they discover that the other is listening and will not interfere, the girl tells the terrible truth, the poet promises to help.

In the Ensemble production of these plays "Birdbath" is by far the more economical and skillful play. The nervous girl, Velma Sparrow, played by Erika Bergmann, raps out her lines at an incredibly rapid jerky pace, without her skill in portraying a potential psychotic, her Revelation at the climax of the play would have become an unbelievable device. Robert Nora, the poet, was smooth and self-contained, breaking free from himself, asking for love, only with the jagged selfawareness of man who doesn't hear himself talking like that very often. "Halloween" is a longer, more clumsy play with humorous digressions that nonetheless add nothing either to the characterization or the movement of the play. Joseph Pfander, the 30 year old Irish-Italian garbage collector Luke O'Leary Lovello, took full advantage of the killing of the Roaches but failed to exploit the moment when the deformed masturbator confesses and confronts the first woman who will accept him. Too often the actor expressed himself with a uniformly tense hysteria in which the finer points of pain and self-consciousness were lost. Joy Conrad, the fifty year old maid, was weary, soft, and sympathetic and a bit soft-spoken in contrast to Luke. However, her portrayal of a slighted woman wise in the deceptions of love lacked the sharpness of a wife and the bitterness of a mother.

I suspect that "Birdbath" was written after "Halloween" and if so shows promising consciousness in the author of the difference between caricature and character, eccentricity and madness, being alone and loneliness.

TH



Bill Scott

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Seattle, Washington



A quick swing on a Friday morning early to some small and some large art places....the O'Raz Gallery down on Western Avenue near the old Indian Curio Shoppe and just under the overhead walkway to the ferry terminal...temple lions carved in wood for \$44, YOUR PORTRAIT IN PASTELS BY A PROFESSIONAL set-up just inside the door, a scattering of downtown industrial light through the big windows on the street, pottery, some spun, some free-form, all dark glazes smeary and runny, huge paintings of faces done in white on black with blue-green undertones and highlights, ghostly monstrous huge faces, but sensitively accurate when seen from some distance, a twelve-foot high painting of an old man on the far wall in the same style, his hair cascading down his back, one painting faintly reminiscent of Edward Munch Der Schrei The Scream...anguished eyes and teeth penetrating blackness to chew what could be oversized finger nails...the artist is Andy Prucher, 19 and now in the Army.

....the American Freund's Center near the north end of the lower University Bridge...quiet empty modern PTA meeting rooms and hallways splashed with Carol Perzer's super-extravagant flashy tenacles unwhisperable flametongue licks of colorpattern melted in a prismatic nouveau refractory: punning and

transcending the psychedelic; hyperbolic non-hysterical hyperbole, a spine of flamepatterns uncurling toward false symmetry; microscopic bubble molecules holding surfaces framing units into explosion; the soap bubble pipe; round multi-colored organic spheres eroding at the surface mushroom hat; one recognizable subject; trees in a broken mirror of false color; a thrashing dying mating of blue birds; none of the paintings were hung straight.... The Henry Gallery a dry formal but informative presentation of Allen Kaprow and Wolfgang Vostell...Happeners from way back...an explanation of the Happening two slide projectors contrasting comparing the men's work while Kaprow drones on tape about Jam Smearing ICE house Foam Lunge Wrap the Subject in Foil Drive to the Grand Central and Deposit AT, black and white photos following detailed outlines of events and planning for almost all of their Occurrences: flooding spectators with foam, building igloos in LA: burning trucks while women flail men with blouses and bras, Tree People Fight Jazz Man, Street Incidents, Nude in the Subway in Gasmask...a primer for tacticians and organizers. Take a balloon from the nets over head the yellow have pictures of Vostell and the blue have pictures of Kaprow printed on them hold the balloon in front of your face, squeeze until pop!

TH

BUTTERWORTH

T. Connick

I left for the Eagle's feeling mostly curious-- Butterfield with trumpet and saxophones... and without Bloomfield, extraordinarily body-warning agile and inventive lead guitarist? Bloomfield of course has formed the Electric Flag, a monster menagerie of some of the best white bluesmen in the country, which (the last I heard) was reported stomping around California fighting off narcs.

The Butterfield Band took the second set; the first three numbers felt uncoordinated, and the sound was not nearly so R.B. King smooth as I had expected from listening to their new lp. On the fourth number, Butterfield finally pulled out his harp, and for a little while the group seemed to come together. Even on a bad night he is so DAMNED GOOD! The whole group has a very solid-professional blues band sound which is sort of awesome, even when it's not really working. Those long fluid jazz sounding harp runs floating out over the rest of the band and.. and then they drifted back apart. The only other high point in the first set was the singing of Bugsy Moran, the new bass player; he comes up about to the shoulder of the trumpet player and looks like he might have been a side man for Lip With People six weeks ago-- but he has a fine heavy blues voice and takes those X solo vocal "now listen to me people... I want to tell you something... said I want..." shouts that white musicians generally don't even try.

The concert was incredibly crowded (someone later said 3500 to 4000 paid admissions). Elbows hunched to kidneys, sweating on the floor, doorway jammed in a huge bottle neck. I don't know about the economics of promoting, it might be necessary in order to bring Butterfield up, but it sure tears hell out of music listening. At the end of Butterfield's first set I went swimming frantically for the exit on a bad claustrophobic trip.

COLUMBIA

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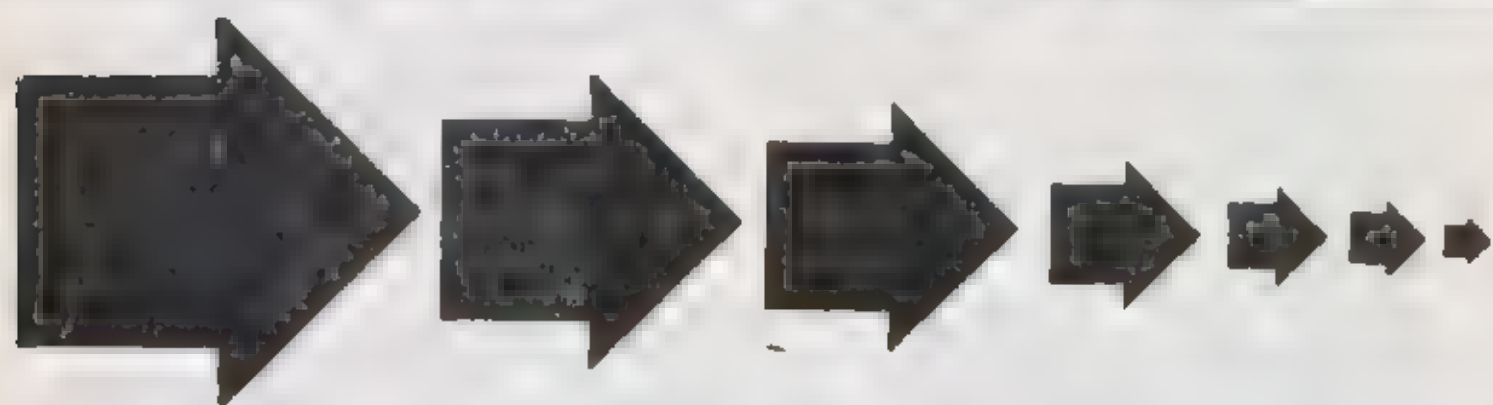
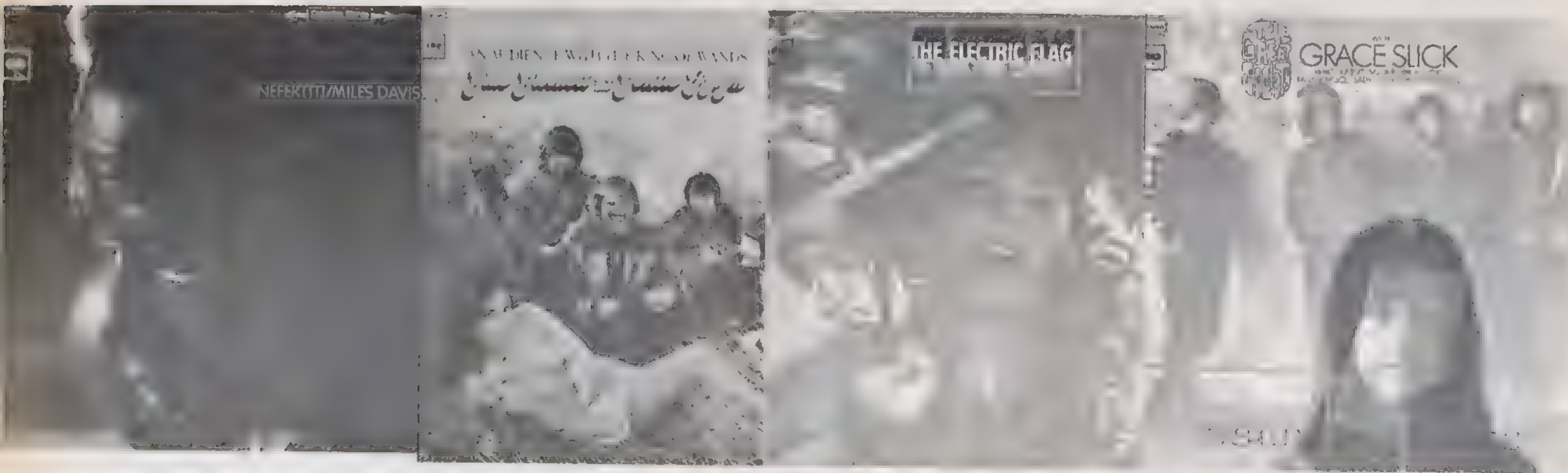
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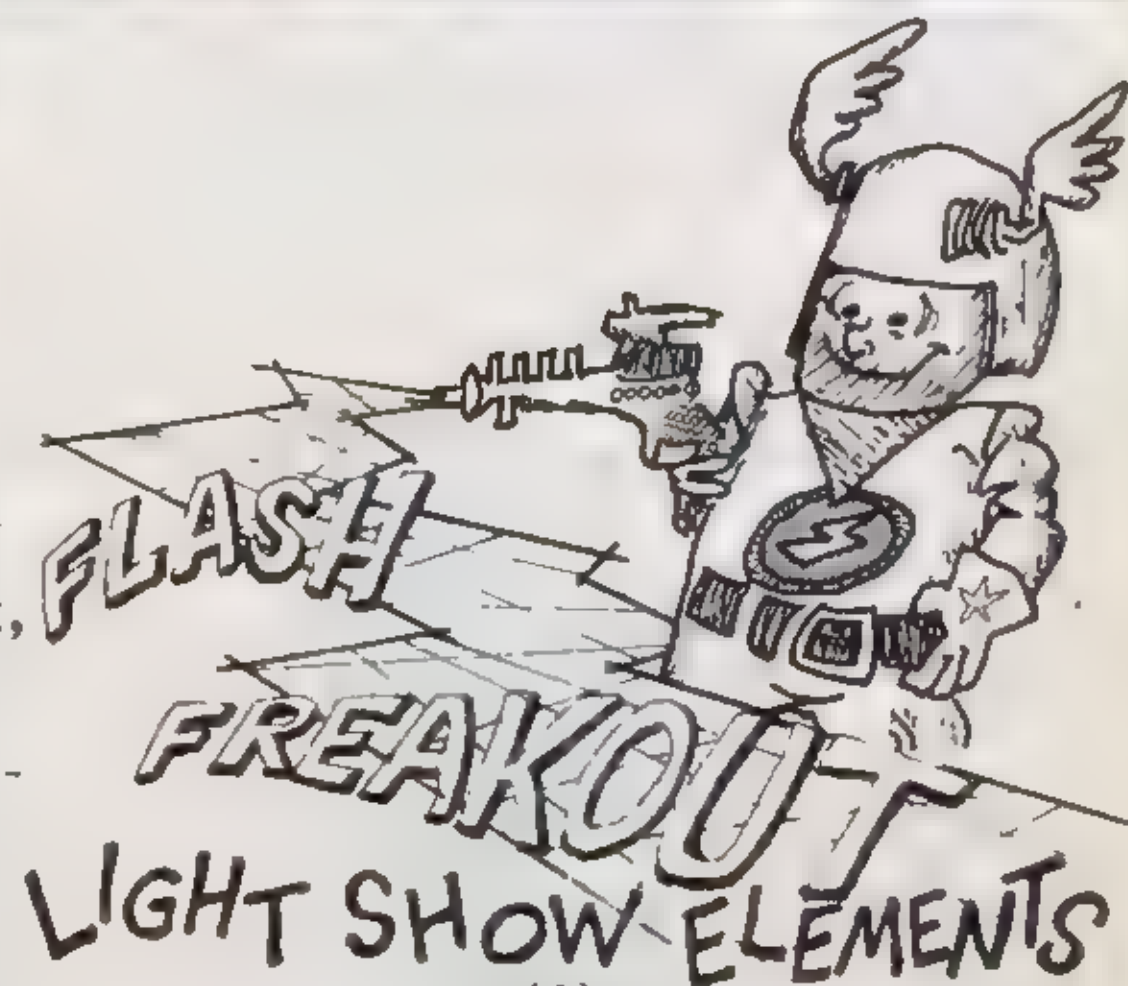
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Bill Scott

FU CONTRA... C

LAST SAT. DAY'S PERFORMANCE BY THE FALL BUTTERFIELD DUO WAS UNDISPUTEDLY THE BIGGEST MUSICAL BRINGDOWN SINCE THE PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY...FROM THE VERY FIRST THEY DISSOLVED INTO AN AMORPHOUS MUSICAL MUSH. EVERYTHING WAS TURNED UP FAR TOO LOUD AND OVER DISTORTED...FAT JACK POUNDING MUSICAL OBSCENITY. I THOUGHT WE COULD GET NO LOWER BUT BUTTERFIELD DID IT...HE GOT UP AND TRIED TO PLAY A LONG PSYCHEDELIC PIECE, FEEDBACK, WAILIN' GUITARS, THE WHOLE TRIF...FAT JACK COULD HAVE DONE BETTER, BUTTERFIELD INTRODUCED A NEW DIMENSION, SHIT ROCK THE MOST PATHETIC THING OF ALL WAS WHEN THE HORN PLAYERS ATTEMPTED TO TAKE SOLOS...BESIDES HAVING TO FIGHT THE LEAD GUITARS FREAKED OUT EGG THEY LOOKED AND PLAYED LIKE THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE DOING...AND THEN CAME ONE OF THE WORST DISASTERS OF THE EVENING; THEY TRIED TO DO "KNOCK ON WOOD"...EVERYTHING THAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY GONE WRONG IN THE FIRST PART OF THE SONG WENT WRONG; I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SECOND PART OF THE SONG AS I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THAT MY GOLDFISH NEEDED FEEDING AND SO HASTILY DEPARTED INTO THE NIGHT...IF WE ARE GOING TO PAY A LOT OF MONEY FOR HIGH QUALITY ENTERTAINMENT IT WOULD BE NICE IF THEY WERE AT LEAST GIVEN A HALFWAY DECENT SOUND SYSTEM.

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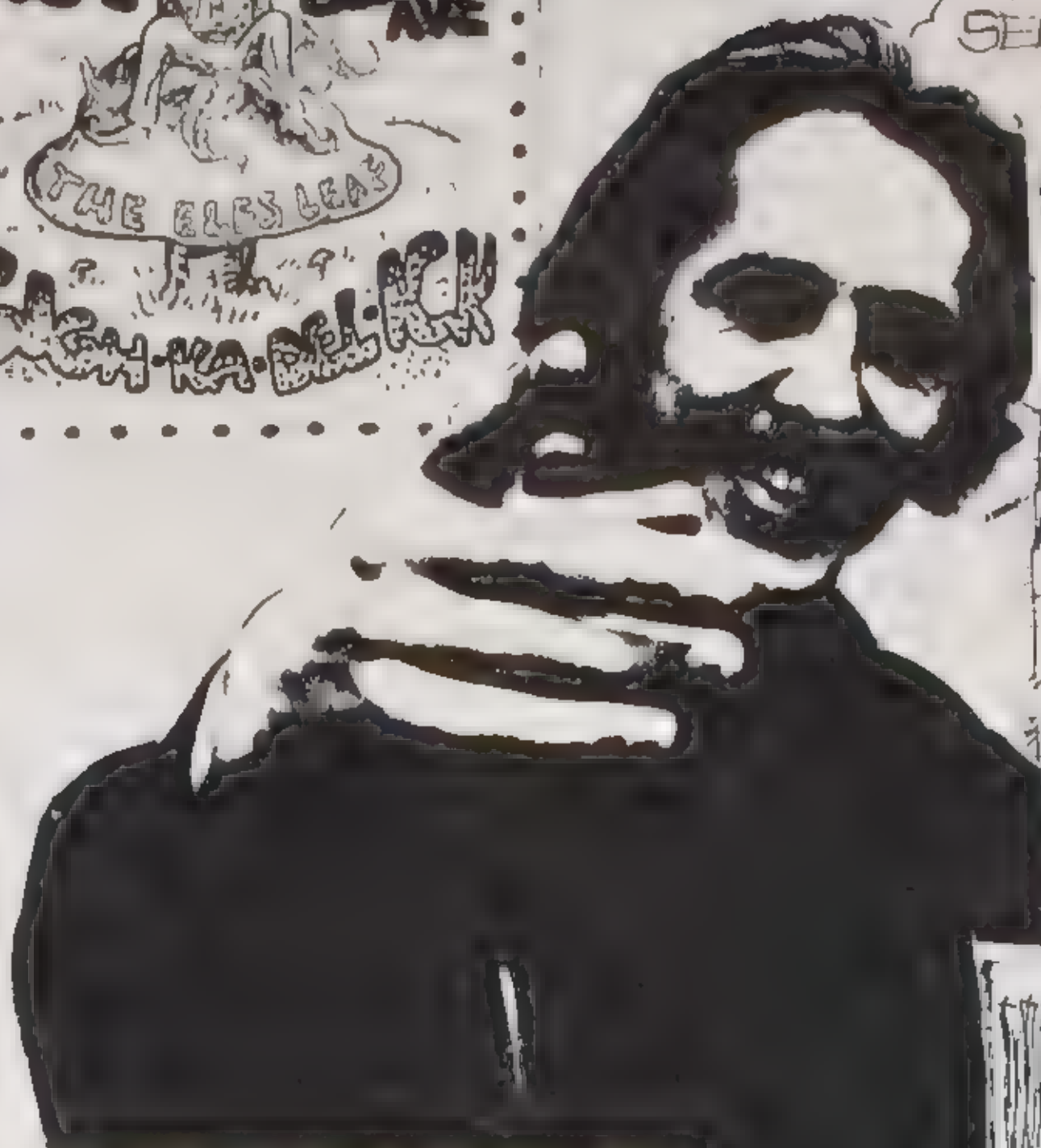
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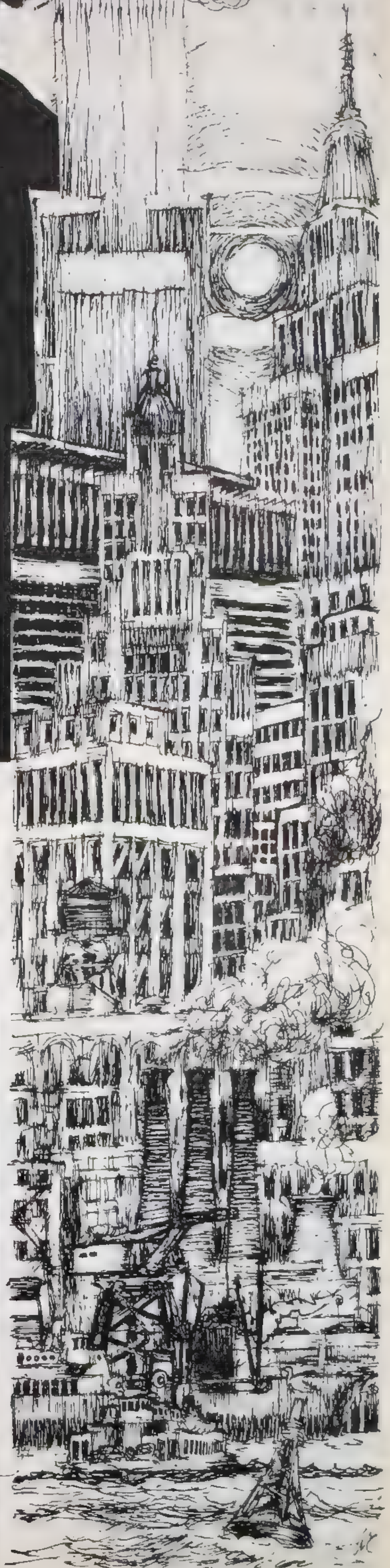
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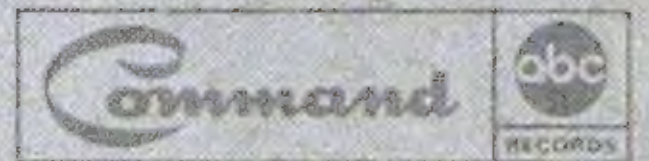
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My ad is times to be run weeks; I enclose \$ My Phone: My NAME: Address: SEND TO HELIX, 3128 HARVARD E., 98102

blank.

Girl's bicycle, 3 speed more or less. State of disrepair. If reparable all right. Buy (cheap) rent/borrow, or whatever thru Aug. Please leave info at Helix.

To the person who stole my guitar: If you keep it, make sure it exists always in a temperature range of 55° to 75° F. The rosewood which is inside is 255 years old now and easily splits. If you sell it, demand a minimum of \$1250, thus increasing the chances that it will enter the hands of a master. That bizarre thing, its monetary value, is exceeded only by the value and love I felt in having been possessed by it for a few short years. Russell

Interested in space to set up pottery. Contact Leon Sarsozo Id Book Store ME 2-5344.

Grad student would like to meet two girls with love. 449 507 3rd Ave. Seattle, Wn. 98104

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Draft Resisters & others bothered by the draft contact Sea. Draft Resistance ME 2-2463, 4126 Roosevelt Way.

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Custom leather works, boots, sandals, vests, jockstraps, you name it. Infinite Sole, 4743 Brooklyn Ave. NE.

Seattle couple, she 26, he 37 seek other broad-minded couples and AC/DC gals for swinging parties. Photo & phone please. Write to Box 5109 Seattle, Wn.

New Trenns Magazine explores in fact, fiction and illustration the world of transvestism and off-beat fashion concepts. Has unusual personal column, also has advice column for transvestites. Sample copy 35¢. New Trenns Magazine. 1213 1st-Suite 406, Seattle, Wn. 98101. Adults only.

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Festum Stultorum Coming April 1st to Seattle "Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles" Solomon. See next issue for details.

Attention Musicians: I can get immediate delivery on any equipment 40% below retail price for cash. Howard Wales 4706 11th Ave. N. E.

Whitey and Pam-Katherine was at the house on Brooklyn, but she says she doesn't know where you live. Please see Scott at the Helix and let him know where you are. We would like to see you. Dave and Mark.

Lysergic Lyte Co. has projectors, overheads and other light show equipment for sale. Jerry. EA 5-2150.

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HELIX

THEATRE

Auditions for Billy Liar, by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. March 15-7pm, March 17-3pm, 403 Fischer Studio Bldg.

CHRISTOPHER-Lyric Theatre, 2115 5th Ave. Fri. and Sat. 8:30.

A HATFUL OF RAIN-Riccoli Theatre, Seattle Center, Thurs. Fri, Sat. 8:30 pm.

BIRDBATH and HALLOWEEN-Ensemble Theatre, 107 Occidental Ave. S. Fri. and Sat. 8:30. 2\$.

Passion Play-The Christian Players, Fall City Gymnasium, Sundays thru April 7, 3pm, Mar. 29 and April 5 and 12, 8pm. \$1.75.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE-Cirque, 3406 E. Union. WAIT UNTIL DARK starts April 4. Tues. Thurs. \$2.50, Fri. and Sat. \$3.00.

LE TARTUFFE- by Moliere presented by Le Treteau de Paris, Moore Theatre. Tickets at HUB and lectures and concerts. All seats reserved. March 30, 8:00 pm. \$3. Students \$2.

THREEPENNY OPERA-Repertory, Seattle Center. Call MA4-6755 for times and tickets.

FILMS

ULYSSES-Ridgmont Theatre, 7720 Greenwood Ave. N. \$2.50. 7:10 & 9:40.

BONNIE AND CLYDE-Blue Mouse Theatre, 5th near Pike. 7:15, 9:15, 11:15.

HOW I WON THE WAR-Uptown Theatre, 511 Queen Anne Ave. N. 7:30, 9:50.

THE GRADUATE-Town Theatre, Pike near 5th. 7, 9, 11.

CAMELOT-Music Box Theatre, 5th near Pike. 8:30.

FILMS

SEBASTIAN and ALFIE-Neptune, 1303 E. 45th. 5:45, 9:25.

MICKEY ONE and ST. VALENTINES MASSACRE-Colonial Theatre, 4th near Pine.

DR. DOLITTLE-Fifth Ave., 5th Ave. Matinee. \$2.

Rivoli Underground, uninhibited cinema. 111 Madison. From noon.

Henry Art Gallery, Thursday Film Series. 15th & Campus Pkwy. 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 7, 8, 9. Free.

Magnolia Film Festival-2424, 34th W. AT3-7122.

ART

SELIGMAN GALLERY-3727 University Way NE. Mar. 15-April 2. Claire Falkenstein. sculpture. Tues. Wed. Sat. 11 am-4pm. Thurs. 1 pm-9 pm.

GORDON WOODSIDE GALLERY-803 E. Union. Mar. 17-April 6. Louis Bunce, paintings. Tues.-Sun. 12 am-6 pm.

PM GALLERY-101 14th Ave. E. Mar. 14-April 10. R. Bert Garner paintings and Robert Teeple, sculpture. Sun.-Thurs. 6 pm-10pm.

SEATTLE ART MUSEUM PAVILION-Seattle Center. Mar. 21-April 21. West Coast Now, sponsored by Portland Art Museum. Tues-Sat 12am 5pm, Fri 10 am-9 pm, Sun. noon-5 pm.

FRYE ART MUSEUM-Terry at Cherry. Mar. 8-April 7. Puget Sound Annual Exhibition, all painting media. Mon-Sat. 10 am-5 pm. Sun. noon-6 pm.

HENRY ART GALLERY-15th and Campus Way. Mar. 24-April 14. Ambrose Patterson retrospective. Mon-Sat. 10 am-5 pm. Thurs. 10 am-10 pm, Sun. 1-5pm.

SEATTLE ART MUSEUM-Volunteer Park. March Photographic Society of America Int. Tues.-Sat. 10 am-5 pm. Sun noon-5 pm.

ANDERSON GALLERY-133 14th E. Mar. 22 Jim Bucknell, wood sculpture. (Paintings by Boddie, also pots.) Week-days and Sat. 10 am-4 pm. Sun. 1-6 pm.

O'RAZ GALLERY-617 Western Ave. In Many Moods, Rusty Russell and People, by Andrew Prueher. Mon-Sat. 10 am-8 pm, Sun. 11 am-6 pm.

THE GALLERY-311 Occidental. Mar. 10-29. Richard Kirsten. Daily 9-5. Sun 1-5 pm.

CURRENT EDITIONS-311 1/2 Occidental.

UNIVERSITY FRIENDS CENTER-4001 9th N. E. Carol Herzer, painting.

ATTICA GALLERY-426 Broadway E. James van Doorn, painting, and Ken Hendry, pottery. Tues.-Sat. 11 am-7 pm. Sun. 1-5 pm.

NW CRAFT CENTER-Seattle Center. Michael R. Johnson, sculpture and drawing. Daily except Mondays. 11 am-6 pm.



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